

THE BLACK ATHLETE Part 4

Sports Illustrated

JULY 22, 1968 40 CENTS

THE MASTER'S STAR PUPIL

Record breaker Mark Spitz
of Santa Clara



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Next week

WINNIPEG PITCHER Denny McLain is also one of baseball's most verbose heroes. He could win 30 games, and talk himself into all sorts of trouble. A report by Mark Michay.

RAIN IN SPAIN was the general outlook when John Fulton served in that country to fight bulls. But the skies became brighter after he took his *altercativa* in Seville.

AN OFF-SEASON social event in Palm Beach is covered by Artur Tom Allen and Walter Duncan Barnes, who join the Muffets and the Snooks in a big party for the Jetty Concha.



Fatso

Armstrong has a new cool tire--a wide track made with fiber glass. It may look fat, but it's as tough as nails and can give you over 40,000 miles of safe driving.



Ever since they were introduced a few years ago, wide track tires have been the hottest thing going.

Why not. They corner beautifully. They hug the road like a bear. And they look like something else.

The only problem has been that some of them don't wear as well as regular-shaped tires.

Now Armstrong introduces Fatso, a wide track made with fiber glass. A wide track that lasts a long, long time.

Fatso is really built. Underneath his thick rubber hide, and above his nylon cords, he's got two belts of fiber glass that help keep the tread firm and tough.

(A firm, tough tread means less abrasion, less scuffing and squirming of rubber against the road. In

short, it means a cooler tire.)

We tested Fatso for hundreds of thousands of miles against other makes, and we're happy to report he came out on top in all areas of performance: cornering, traction, braking, and of course, mileage.

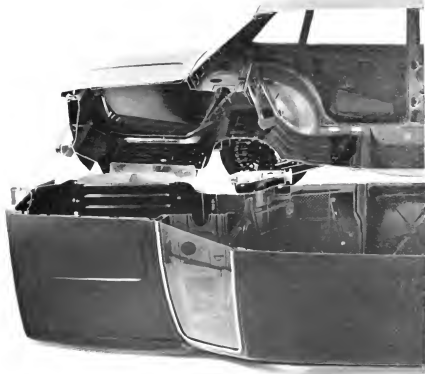
Fatso resists heat at high speeds. He virtually eliminates blowouts. And he can give you over 40,000 miles of wear.

Fatso. A tough cookie, available only at your Armstrong dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages.

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ARMSTRONG
Cool tires made with fiber glass



The inside of a Volvo is good

The finish on the inside of a car is located only fractions of an inch from the finish on the outside.

Though in quality, they're usually miles apart.

You don't have to cut a car open to discover it either. Just go to any show; room and turn a car inside out.

Peek under rugs. Peel back the mats in the trunk. Take a close look at the underside of the hood.

In most of the out-of-the-way places where you'd normally never think to look, you'll find barely finished metal.

At such times it's wise to remember that rust usually starts on the inside of a car and works its way out.

And that cars with little protection on the inside are more likely to rust than cars with a lot.

Look into a Volvo.

There's more paint on the inside of

a Volvo than there is on the outside of some cars.

Five coats of protection, in all.

First, the body is dunked in an acid bath. This etches the surface so the first coat of rustproofing primer will have something to hang on to.

Then comes another coat of primer. And after that, a sealer. And finally, 2 color coats of baked enamel. (The outside gets an additional coat of baked



enough to be an outside.

enamel—in deference to people's desire for gloss.)

Now, having all this paint on the inside isn't much good if it doesn't get to *all* of the inside.

If you look at the picture above, you'll see a lot of holes. These holes let the various coats flow into every dark, hidden corner of every Volvo.

Parts particularly vulnerable to rust, like the rocker panels, are made out of

hot-dipped galvanized steel in the first place. They're also hollow. So after you drive through a puddle, forced air dries them out again.

And as if all that weren't enough, before a Volvo body is sealed and undercoated at the factory, a mist of special anti-rust oil is sprayed into all closed body sections.

About our outside.

It's simple and unpretentious.

But it's on a car that's built so well it lasts an average of 11 years in Sweden, where winters last six months of the year, and the salt air is merciless on badly finished cars.

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look like an Olympic swimmer. And is that bad? Converse Rubber Company, Malden, Massachusetts 02148.

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When you're out to beat the world

SCORECARD

LOOKING DOWN

At midseason only eight of the 20 major league baseball teams had shown increases in attendance over last year. Cleveland was up the most, 23%, partly because it could hardly have failed to improve on last year, when there was talk of moving the franchise. Boston, reaping the residual benefits of its championship, was up 19%, and Minnesota, Philadelphia, St. Louis, the Mets and the Cubs showed slight gains. Clubs such as Cincinnati (down 36%), the Chicago White Sox (down 31%), Atlanta (down 28%) and Washington (down 17%) have been affected, to a considerable degree, by the location of their stadiums in or near ghetto areas or by the general racial unrest. Baltimore, in seventh place a year ago but in second place now, was down 29%. The Athletics have drawn 36% fewer fans in Oakland than they did last season in Kansas City. In fact, in all of baseball, the only really bright spot was Detroit, up 23% despite the tense mood of the city and an eight-month newspaper strike. The Tigers, on their way to a pennant, expect to draw 1.8 million this season, which would be the second best attendance in club history.

But once baseball's administrators look past that cheery fact, the view is indeed a disturbing one. Their sport is faced in midseason of 1968 with the vanishing batter (\$1, June 17), the vanishing pennant race and the vanishing fan.

Consequently, the quiverings in the pocketbook must have been extreme when both leagues agreed to two-divisional play for 1969. The risk in breaking up old patterns of rivalries is obvious. Now there will be four pennant races instead of two, which ought to double the fun, but will it? The NFL thought so, and much of its regular-season play last year turned out to be a big yawn (Green Bay could have won its division with a 7-3-2 record). One has to won-

der about the thrill of the race in the American League's West Division between Minnesota, Chicago, California, Oakland, Seattle and Kansas City. Right now Minnesota, with its 41-44 record, would be the leader in that one. Will that pull in the fans? Baseball hopes so. They have to start coming from somewhere.

DAM IT

The Canadian town of Centerville. New Brunswick, which lies on the banks of the narrow Presquile River, moved heaven, earth and finally the Canadian and U.S. governments last week to do something about its polluted water. Dead fish were coming down the river, which rises in Maine and flows through Centerville to the St. John, and maggots crawled over the trout and salmon fry littering the banks. Before a potato processing plant in Maine started spilling excessive waste into the Presquile, it had been a fine fishing stream. Now medical authorities considered it a health hazard. Unable to rouse Canadian or U.S. authorities to anything but routine lethargy, the townspeople, led by a former mayor, Robert Cairnes, decided to dam the river near the Maine border and let the polluted waters back up into Maine. They bulldozed earth, trees and rocks into the stream, and in two hours the Presquile was blocked. Water backed up nearly a mile into Maine before authorities took any action. "I thought they would have been down here to keep us from damming the stream," Cairnes said. "Something had to be done. I don't think there is a fish alive there now due to pollution."

Within 24 hours the attorney general of Maine was investigating the factory causing the pollution of the Presquile. And at week's end the Canadian minister of resources declared, "We have been in contact with the United States Government on this matter and have been

given assurance that effective measures are being taken."

Confident that their problem is now getting a hearing, Centerville has broken down its dam and is allowing the tainted Presquile to flow again. It might be wise, however, for the townspeople to keep their bulldozers handy.

EXCLUSIVE CLUB

As an owner and president of the San Diego expansion team, Buzzie Bavasi had expected to participate in the National League meetings held last week at the Shamrock Hilton in Houston. But while the league was voting to split into two six-team divisions and play a 162-game schedule, Bavasi and the owners of the equally new Montreal franchise were left standing in a hallway. They were not even invited to break bread with the other owners. "We learned that our \$10 million admission fee didn't include lunch," Bavasi said.

HIGH OLD TIME

As a publicity gag it probably was inevitable, but it was hard to top. The



press and TV gathered at New York's Summit hotel last week to watch a mountain climber rappel down the sheer marble face of the building. To the publicity-conscious group of climbers that is heading for 20,000 foot Mount Koh-i-Marehek in Afghanistan, the 220-foot

continued

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Lights easy—
takes its own good time
about burning



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Now Possible To Shrink Hemorrhoids

And Promptly Stop Itching,
Relieve Pain In Most Cases

Science has found a medication with the ability, in most cases, to stop burning itch, relieve pain and actually shrink hemorrhoids.

In case after case doctors proved, while gently relieving pain and itching, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

The answer is Preparation H®—there is no other formula like it for hemorrhoids. Preparation H also soothes inflamed, irritated tissues and helps prevent further infection. In ointment or suppository form.

SCORECARD continued

Summit on Lexington Avenue wasn't much of a challenge. The temperature at the peak was a balmy 80°, lizards were unlikely and no base camp was needed, except the one in the Presidential Suite. Nonetheless, the venture fell flat when the New York police department intervened. Climbing on the Summit, it said, would be illegal on five counts under three laws: penal, health and labor. Furthermore, the police pointed out, the action was scheduled for lunchtime when peak crowds were on the sidewalks.

It's a good thing the Afghans are more sporting.

WISE INVESTMENT

In the past three weeks the North American Soccer League staked its reputation and won. What reputation? All right, it didn't have much to lose, but by spending \$160,000 to import the legendary Pele and his team, Santos of Brazil, and then being fortunate enough to have two NASL teams defeat the world-class club, America's fledgling league has achieved recognition as something other than utterly minor.

Though Pele is now past his prime, the Brazilian club had a 54-3 won-lost record for the year, which is a significant measure of its strength.

Santos won four of its exhibition games against NASL clubs—in St. Louis, Kansas City, Washington and Boston. But last week Cleveland edged the Brazilians 2-1 and, when a Santos goal was disallowed near the end of the game, a melee ensued. Pele tried to take on all the officials and Santos players spat and threw dirt at the fans, which gave the spectators a good feel of gritty, big-time soccer competition.

Two nights later the New York Generals upset Santos 5-3 in Yankee Stadium with one of the Santos goals being scored inadvertently by a New York player.

The exhibition games have been such a success—drawing 109,882—that the NASL intends to schedule more of them during the regular season. The hope is that the games will carry NASL teams financially until the league games can generate the same level of interest.

SUNSHINE STATE

The Fort Lauderdale Yankees of the Florida State League had 22 games rained out last month. In one stretch the team was rained out on eight con-

secutive days in four different games.

Grasping for any lifesaver, General Manager Ed Bastian asked the Seminole Indians to do a "reverse rain dance" prior to a home game. The Indians came, but they didn't get to dance. It rained.

KNOWING THE SCORE

A member of Princeton's varsity basketball squad was vitally interested in point spreads last season. But it was not his money that depended on it, just his mark on statistics. John Dodd, a 6' 3" forward, decided to do his senior thesis on systems of predicting game results. Using a computer and various sports statistics, he picked the winners in 72% of last season's 57 Ivy League basketball games. He was less successful with the point spreads, picking the correct margin only 33% of the time.

Dodd worked with the box scores of all 1966-1967 Ivy League games to calculate the average scoring power of the players on the 1967-1968 Ivy rosters. These averages were based on points per minute played. By totaling individual averages, Dodd was able to estimate average team scores per game. This figure was then adjusted downward by multiplying by .9 "to take into account adjustment to new team situations and to allow for overestimation of scoring due to new players." Another factor computed was the home-court advantage (figured to be 2.5 points per game). After each game was played last season team ratings were revised, to accommodate individual improvement or decline in scoring efficiency.

The averages Dodd predicted at the beginning of the season for the league's leading scorers were close (within two points) in 20 of 36 cases. And his forecast that Ivy League Champion Columbia's points-per-game average would be 77.6 was only two-tenths of a point off. But Dodd's finest preseason calculation was his own scoring average—14 points per game. That's exactly how he finished the season.

Hennins

CARRY A BIG STICK

Add to all those theories on the demise of the hitter, one more. Frank Ryan, an official of Hillerich & Bradshaw, the Louisville company that makes bats for many major leaguers, says that the trend has been toward lighter bats, but significantly leading hitters in each league—

Pittsburgh's Matty Alou and Boston's Ken Harrelson—are now using heavier bats than before.

"The heavier the bat, the better wood you get on the ball," Ryan says. "Today's hitters are delaying their swings, trying to hit the ball at the last instant, and to hit it harder. That's why they've gone to lighter bats, hoping to get more whip. They are not hitting the ball where it is pitched. They want to pull the ball for the home run. Harry Walker did a great job with Alou, making him choke up on the bat and let the bat do the work. Alou used a 31-ounce bat when he was in San Francisco, he uses 37- and 38-ounce ones now."

Most major leaguers, obviously enough, disagree with Ryan's thesis, but one who does not is Cardinal Batting Coach Dick Sisler. "The batters went into their hitting coma with light bats, and they're just realizing it now," he says. "With a heavy bat you can hit to all fields better than with a light bat. I've been stressing this for years. I remember in 1948, when I was playing with the Phillies, Manager Ben Chapman wouldn't let anybody on the team order a bat that was under 35 ounces."

Among the lesser-known converts to the big bat are Cardinal Catcher John Edwards (250). His bats now weigh from 36 to 39 ounces. "Before this year, when I had a .200 or so average, I never swung one that weighed more than 35 ounces," he says.

Chico Ruiz of the Reds is another who has changed to a heavier bat this season. He used to swing a 31-ounce one but has gone up to a 36-ounce and even occasionally to one that weighs 38 ounces. Last season he hit .220. His average is now .278.

But man Ryan may have hit on something.

THEY SAID IT

- Earl Warren, Chief Justice of the U. S. "I always turn to the sports section first. The sports page records people's accomplishments, the front page has nothing but man's failures."
- Paul Brown, Cincinnati Bengal coach and general manager, to his team at their first meeting. "It ain't going to take me long to recognize the tramp, the hozer, the harroom bum, the ladies' man. We might be an expansion team, but we're not going to be like the French Foreign Legion."

ENR

Meet the sharper shooter.



The brand-new Kodak Instamatic 814 camera lets you shoot sharper, clearer pictures your very first time out. And for two reasons. One, it has the superb new super-sharp 4-element $f/2.8$ Kodak Ektar lens. Two, it does practically everything for you automatically.

Just drop in the film cartridge. Automatically, the new "814" adjusts for the speed of the film. Adjusts for the level of the light, too, with its sensitive CdS exposure control—tells you if the batteries are okay—warns you when to use flash. For easy shooting, both film and flashcube advance automatically. And the lens-coupled rangefinder helps you get a sharp shot every shot.

See this sharper shooter, less than \$140, at your Kodak dealer's. Remember—no experience necessary! Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak Instamatic 814 Camera.

ENCORE, ROQUÉPINE!

The great French mare, winner of the \$100,000 Roosevelt International last year, overcame a troublesome left leg to score handsomely again last week, increasing her earnings to a near record \$621,000 **by JOE JARES**

Every time in the past that the great French trotting mare Roquépine went out on the track at Long Island's Roosevelt Raceway to earn her owner a feed bag of U.S. dollars, the shortest odds on the board were that something controversial would happen:

- In the 1966 Roosevelt International she was closing fast at the finish but lost by a neck to the Canadian entry. There was some speculation that Driver Jean-René Gougeon had misjudged the finish line. He denied it.

- Last year Roquépine won the International with Owner-Trainer Henri Levesque in the sulky, but this time other drivers complained that Gougeon, driving another French horse, had blocked them out of any chance to battle for the lead.

- One week after that fuss, on a very foggy night, Roquépine finished first in the Challenge Cup but was legislated back to sixth place by the judges for side-swiping another sulky. His mare had "merely brushed" it, insisted Levesque, who felt the race should have been canceled anyway because of the two-foot visibility.

Yet, despite the hassles, there was 7-year-old Roquépine, the belle of the world's trotters, prancing around Roosevelt Raceway last Saturday night, which must be a tribute either to Franco-American amity or the lure of a \$100,000 pot in the 10th annual International, the glamour race for top trotters from all

over the world. And this year Roquépine took her sweet time, stayed in good position, passed Sweden's Kentucky Flabber in the stretch and won without so much as a faint echo of anybody yelling, "Stop, thief!"

Roquépine's chief opposition was not expected to come from Scandinavia, even though harness racing ranks second only to soccer there. The second choice in the betting was the United States standard-bearer, a somewhat unreliable horse named Carlisle, driven, trained and formerly co-owned by Billy Haughton.

Now, Carlisle's main trouble is shoes. He is harder on them than the elephant is on the wasted floor in that awful commercial. Up to and through Saturday night's race Carlisle had worn at least six different kinds, including what trotting people call five-eighths half-rounds, three-quarters (plastic) and three-quarters (steel), and, says Haughton, "He's won with them all." The front shoes he used in the International weighed 14 ounces, about twice as heavy as most top trotters need.

All that reshoeing was not so bad; it was Carlisle's tendency to go barefooted that caused problems. He tossed shoes at least three times in races. His latest shoe-throwing episode occurred in the American Trotting Championship on June 22 at Roosevelt when, midway in the race, Haughton saw "that bare foot come up in my face." Crazyboots Carlisle had somehow lost his left front

shoe but won anyway and thus qualified for the International.

"I'll be looking all over tonight to see a shoe flying," said one of Billy's stablehands the morning of the race.

For Haughton the International was just one of many races, although by far the most important, during a typically frantic week in which he raced horses at four tracks in three states. He is one of America's best and wealthiest driver-trainers and runs a huge, famous stable. Relaxing on Sunday, he took his family out in their 31-foot cabin cruiser, interrupting the outing to haul in an overturned sailboat. On Monday he loaded his wife and five kids in the boat again and sped off to the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, where the drawing was held for International post positions. Haughton and Carlisle got the third slot. Roquépine drew No. 6, not so desirable.

Lloyd Lloyds, a part owner of Carlisle and a manufacturer of ladies' coats who has had his horses under Billy's care for over nine years, was worried over his horse's past inconsistencies. "The horse is in good shape," said Lloyds. "No excuses. But the bugger just has a habit of blowing the big ones. I don't know if we've got the best horse, but we've got the best driver."

Besides Carlisle, what other trutter could challenge Roquépine? Well, probably none in the race, but publicity men at Roosevelt Raceway had a number

(continued)

Beneath the lights in the final turn, Roquépine (No. 6) and Driver Gougeon begin their move to overtake the leader, Sweden's Kentucky Flabber.





of gimmicks going for them besides the Statue of Liberty. Princess Assa Tranfo was there from Milan to supervise the care of her Italian entry, Ecumene, foaled at the time of the Ecumenical Council. The princess claimed she could speak seven languages and communicate with horses pretty well, too. She said she liked matzo balls, perhaps because she originally came from Russia. She said she was not impressed with titles.

These included her own and that of Baron Andor von Beess und Chrostin, the driver of the Austrian horse, who may be referred to as plainfolks Andy von Beess. Andy holds the Austrian record for victories in one year—100 exactly. He had 99 wins on about Dec. 10 of that record year but played hell getting into three figures. In the final race of the final day Andy was third in the homestretch and then the two horses ahead of him broke.

The baron's horse and the princess' horse worked out regularly, but the West German entry, an 8-year-old stallion named Simmerl, would not have anything to do with that sweaty nonsense. His driver-trainer, Rolf Luff, said he had had the best luck just walking Simmerl in the days or weeks between races. You know, stroll around a bit and air out the horse blanket.

All of the promotional nonsense could not disguise the fact that Roquépine probably was in a class by herself, a mighty mare who had won thousands and thousands of dollars at such exotic places as Stockholm, Milan and Yonkers. Although Levesque, the wise Norman horse trader, often put Roquépine through her morning workouts during the week, he chose to be a spectator with more than 40,000 others for the International, letting Gougeon take the reins.

"I have had the glory of winning with Roquépine in both the Prix d'Amérique and the Roosevelt International in the same year," said Levesque. "I now want to give Gougeon the opportunity to do the same."

Roquépine's workouts leading up to the race were sharp, although some railbirds thought they detected a bit of lameness in the mare's left front leg. Lameness in the leg had contributed to

Roquépine's two straight defeats before coming to America, but Levesque insisted she was as sound as the franc. The diathermy treatments on that left front leg were merely a precaution. "If she was not sound, I would not have brought her," he said.

The Frenchman's strategy for the race did not differ much from Haughton's. He expected and wanted Carlisle and the Canadian entry, Fresh Yankee, both with better post positions, to set the pace in the mile-and-a-quarter trot. Roquépine would contentedly follow along about third, ready to pounce at the right moment.

Instead, when the race got under way, tiny Knut Lindblom zoomed Kentucky Fibber over from the eighth post position and took possession of the rail. The Swedish horse, who has hardy American ancestors, was not to give up the lead until almost the very end. Fresh Yankee moved into second and, just as Levesque had hoped, Roquépine slipped into third.

Roquépine soon shot up to second, happy then to let Fibber party-pat along slowly (2:08.4 for the mile). Billy Haughton, too, was content to stay back, knowing Carlisle had plenty of oats to burn and, so far anyway, four well-fastened shoes. Ecumene of Italy, Simmerl of West Germany, Le Chant of New Zealand and Epsom of Austria might as well have left the track with the marshal's horse.

At the final turn Kentucky Fibber was still on the rail and Gougeon had Roquépine just behind and outside, like Jim Ryan ready to grind under an opponent with a devastating stretch kick. Suddenly Carlisle, easily tagging along behind Roquépine and in fine position to swing a little wide and have an unobstructed path to the finish, messed up his footwork and fell back.

Fresh Yankee, who had been fourth, moved around Carlisle and took his place in a hectic three-horse race to the wire. Or at least it was hectic until Gougeon, not worried about a thing apparently, eased ahead between the other two without bothering to use his whip. He just shook the reins vigorously and Roquépine stretched out for an easy one-length victory, becoming the first International champion to defend the title

successfully. And there is no question now about Jean-René Gougeon knowing where the finish line is.

Kentucky Fibber fought off not-so-Fresh Yankee to get second money by a neck. Carlisle ended up sixth, and few spectators could understand what had gone haywire with him. Billy Haughton was a little stunned himself.

"Isn't that unbelievable?" moaned Haughton as he re-entered the paddock. "I just wanted to follow Roquépine, that's all, and that's what I was doing. I hadn't used Carlisle a step; I was just sitting with him."

Haughton explained that on the last turn crazy Carlisle, for no apparent reason except that he was not supplied with a rearview mirror, turned his head around, boring into his own side pole. Then—who knows how or why—Carlisle forgot he was in the International Trot and started to do a halfway decent imitation of a pacer. "It's unbelievable getting tangled up going that slow," said Haughton.

Roquépine was clocked in 2:38.3, a slow time with a fast field on a fast track.

"At no time was I in a hurry," said the handsome Gougeon. "I was taking my time. The pace was slow. I didn't want to go to the front, and Kentucky Fibber really didn't want to, either."

"If it goes slow and I can win, that's good. If it goes fast and I can win, that's fine, too."

For Levesque the victory was worth \$50,000. (The money came in handy: before the race Levesque had to pony up \$21,153 when the sheriff threatened to seize the mare for an overdue shipping bill.) Roquépine's earnings now total \$821,505, the most ever for a trotting mare, and it is just as plain as the nose on De Gaulle's face that she will soon pass Sa Mac Lad (\$885,095) as the biggest moneybags trotter of all time.

Levesque celebrated by throwing a postrace party for 60 or so horsemen and newsmen at the Island Inn, near the raceway, but he absolutely refused to start the shindig before someone located his groom and brought him over. Thus it was not until the first hour of July 14, Bastille Day, that corks popped from the champagne. French champagne, of course.

AND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEVINE

In homestretch Roquépine takes the lead with easy assurance. But in the winner's circle she acts up as fireworks go off to celebrate the win.

FOUR INCHES CLOSER TO MEXICO



That was the margin of the Harvard victory over Pennsylvania in a sparkling race that could have been won by either crew. Frustrated for half a century, the Crimson finally is going to the Olympics, and not a moment too soon either

by HUGH WHALL



Harry Parker, the Harvard coach, paced up and down the blacktop parking lot behind the Long Beach, Calif., Marine Stadium's clubhouse. To look at him—sunbaked, hands in pockets, head down—anyone would have thought the bottom had dropped out of his crew's shell.

He shuffled to the water's edge, raising binoculars to his eyes, searching for his boat already bucking into the starting dock nearly a mile from where he stood. Assuring himself that the shell was there, he sat down on the bumper of a camper and clasped his hands as if in silent prayer. He stared levelly at his feet.

Everything was still all right—but the problem was still unsolved. The problem was Pennsylvania and Vesper. Next to Harvard in lane five lay the University of Pennsylvania shell and, on the other side, in lane three, the huge boatload of men from the Vesper Club of Philadelphia. They were towing in a shell borrowed from the New York Athletic Club, the Robert F. Kennedy. Never before in this country had three crews capable of towing 2,000 meters in under six minutes confronted one another in a single race. And this was the race of all races. Riding on its outcome was a trip to Mexico and the Olympics.

For Harvard this might be the last chance for some time to come. Having dominated college rowing for the past five years—the Crimson has not lost a college race since 1963—there is no place to go but down, and down it promises to be, the miracle-working Parker notwithstanding. Of his eight present oarsmen, five will return next year. But the vital No. 5, 6 and 7 oarsmen will not. Parker is losing the whole middle of his boat, the source of its power. Worse, although Harvard's talent is deep—and it will continue rich as long as Parker is able to somehow spur all-state players

FORWARD

Straining at the start of race, big determined Harvard crew lights out after Olympic berth

away from the football squad—it is not now up to Penn's caliber. This spring both the Harvard freshman and JV crews lost to Penn. Says Harvard publicist Baaron Pittenger, philosophically, "The end is inevitable."

At a little before the 10:30 a.m. starting time Parker retired to Harvard's whitest station wagon parked in the crowded lot. As he reemerged just before the start to see whether his crew could win just once more, his mind was still occupied by Penn, his alma mater, and its ascendancy in rowing. In early May the two schools had raced for the Adams Cup. Harvard beat the Quakers convincingly, two solid lengths and eight seconds ahead. But later in the same month Penn had improved to the point where the margin at the Eastern Springs had shrunk to little more than three seconds.

Parker also had a few nagging worries about Vesper, whose cox was Robert Zimonyi, the 50-year-old refugee from Hungary with a gray hair for every race in which he has coxed. Earlier that week Zimonyi had picked Penn in an upset over favored Harvard, providing, of course, that Vesper did not turn the track itself. Heavier than either Harvard or Penn, which in turn were the heaviest crews either school had ever boated, the Vesper eight had experienced oarsmen in every seat. One of these was from Harvard's 1967 crew, another came from Pennsylvania. The crew also included three returnees from the 1964 Vesper shell that, although seeded third, had come on strong to take the trials at Orchard Beach, then win a gold medal at Tokyo. Vesper could hardly be ignored.

Finally, had Parker trained his boys properly? Ever since they arrived in California the Harvard crewmen had been rowing, rowing, rowing. The eight concentrated on what it did best, sprinting the last 500 meters where other crews frequently crack. Certainly, Parker's oarsmen were experienced. With almost the same crew to work with for two full years, Parker had tried them out against the best crews he could find in Europe, Australia, Canada and the U.S. Last year Harvard won the gold medal at the Pan-American Games. "We didn't go campaigning all over Europe by accident," said one Harvard man. "We were damn well aware of what those guys were doing over there. We got the experience we needed, and we are not at all new to tension." Parker would

have swallowed his tongue before he made such an admission. Used to tension as his crew was, the Olympic goal it sought obviously was bigger than any other in rowing, and no one knew that better than Harvard's coach.

Parker had other boogies to think about. Never before had Harvard boated an Olympic eight. Navy had, California had Vesper went three times. Worse yet, Yale went in 1924 and again to Australia in 1956. In 1948 the Crimson came within a whisker of making the Olympic Games. It did not win, and one excuse was that it admired tradition more than it did victory. Less than a week before the trials the Harvards rowed their annual four-mile race against Yale. That crew did not have enough time to recuperate because, as any oarsman will tell you, it takes more than a week to get over rowing such a marathon. In fact, that Harvard crew rowed five races in eight days before losing to California. Then, in 1964, although the best college crew in the country, Harvard lost to Vesper.

The plan Parker had worked out for the race at Long Beach was based primarily on Harvard's ability to sprint the last 500 meters. "We hoped to stay close to Penn through the first 500, maintain the margin at the second 500, then surge toward the end," said Parker. The point was to lick Penn where it was at its best—in the body of the race. Loser only to Harvard this year, the Penn crew generally won by breaking its opponents' will long before the stretch drive. That at least was Parker's view.

There was nothing that the Harvard coach saw in the previous heats on Friday and Saturday that gave him much reason to alter his approach. On Friday, Penn and Vesper, through the luck of the draw, had met, and the only cause for excitement was a sudden Vesper spurt at the end that gave the Penn crew what its coach, Joe Burk, called a "surprise." Although trailing by a solid length in the last 500 or 600 meters, Vesper had flurried and Penn had had a hard time answering. But Vesper came too late and lost by a good length.

Meanwhile, Harvard, rowing in its heat against several pickup crews and the University of Washington, loafed down the course hardly breaking a sweat. But in a sport where every little angle counts, Harvard's easy victory gave Penn's Burk some cause for hope. "I'm

glad Vesper gave us a good race," he declared. "It's better than if we had it too easy. If you have an easy race like Harvard's you get geared for a lazy pace, then find it hard to shift back to stiffer rowing." Parker, who learned his rowing from Burk as an undergraduate, did not see it that way. His crew, he felt, was neither in, nor out of, gear. The Harvards simply were dying to win the race that they had wanted forever.

And now, with all the posturing and planning and plotting behind the crews, came the denouement. The sun struck sparks from the waters of Long Beach's Marine Stadium. A quivering breeze flicked its surface as the shells lined up in their elaborate berths and prepared to go. Parker stationed himself at the 1,400-meter mark, where Harvard's fate in all probability would be decided, and his face tightened.

"Are you ready, Washington?" called the starter. "Are you ready, Vesper?" Harvard, are you ready? Pennsylvania?" All were ready. Then came the shouted query that would be heard by only one of the crews again, at Mexico. "Ears-out, *peñis*!" And 10 seconds later, hearing nothing to the contrary, "Parlez."

At the command, Vesper shot into a short-lived and marginal lead. Rowing at 45 beats, the club crew was slightly faster than Harvard and Penn, rowing stroke for stroke at 44. But, filing long metallic Vs in the sparkling water, the two college crews moved away from Vesper. They approached the 500-meter mark, and Penn did what it was supposed to do, pulling ahead of Harvard. Everything was going according to plan except that Vesper seemed unable to stay close to the leaders.

By the 1,000-meter mark Penn still led, but hanging doggedly to the Quakers was Harvard. It became clear at that point that Vesper was not going to make it. Neither was Washington. The question now was whether Penn could maintain its lead and withstand Harvard's sprint.

As the crews drew abreast of the boat-house with about 800 meters to go, Pennsylvania's outstanding freshman coach, Ted Nash, rushed to the water's edge to lend his support to the flying Quaker eight.

"Do you want it, Cndwalader?" he roared through a megaphone, his voice heavy with emotion. "Do you want it, Luther?" Luther Jones III was his star

captain from the freshman boat who was towing it in for a varsity race. "Do you want it, Robert?" There was not a doubt in anyone's mind what "it" was.

Running now along the bank and keeping pace with the trailing Harvard crew, Harry Parker suddenly came alive. Clearly, he was waiting for the final kick that all Harvard men prayed would suffice to launch their shell across the finish line first. But at the 1,700-meter mark Penn still led and seemed to be rowing smoothly. "Smooth," said a spectator. "Look how smooth. Watch the blades come off the water."

Then it came. With 250 meters to go Harvard Cox Paul Hoffman yelled to his crew, "Let it out!" and Harvard socked it to Penn with a heart-bursting drive that used up every bit of every oarsman but his shoelaces. Pulling at 43 or 44 beats per minute—faster than they had planned—the Harvards drew even with Penn. It then became a matter of who could make it in the last 15 strokes. So close were the two boats that by the time they flew under the finish wire only the camera ashore could tell who had indeed finished first.

Even Harry Parker did not know. In his own purgatory on the opposite side of the course from the finish-line officials, he was as uncertain as anyone in the crowd of 10,000. He strode back to the boathouse and climbed aboard a motorboat for the short ride to the finish line and only then did he get the news: Harvard had beaten its most feared rival, the University of Pennsylvania, by, at most, four inches. Had Pennsylvania been in the surging position that Harvard enjoyed a fraction of a second earlier, the chances are the outcome would have been different. Even the tactician Parker was moved to throw his arms about the shoulders of his crew's manager.

"It was an incredible race," said Cox Hoffman afterward. "It was a lot closer than we wanted it. One thing's certain, Penn's of world caliber. They're as good or better than a lot of the crews we've met."

The Olympics themselves should prove at last just how good Harvard is—and, by a 4-inch inference, Pennsylvania as well. **END**

Joe Burk, who coached Harvard's Harry Parker, gives final instructions to his Penn crew.



A SWEET WIN ON A SOUR LINKS

The world's best pros called Carnoustie the toughest course they had ever seen—and other things—but it was fine for Gary Player, who parlayed steady golf and one magnificent shot into a British Open title by GWILYM S. BROWN

Until last Saturday afternoon only a sour-faced Scot could find much to love in the 7,252 yards of torture and flagellation known as the Carnoustie Golf Club. Carnoustie, at the edge of the North Sea that pounds the east coast of Scotland, is no place for fun-lovers. Its 126-year-old links is a long, narrow, ugly, flat, knobby, wind-worn, crusty stretch of wasteland that can probably be ranked as the hardest championship course in the world. But to the sour-faced Scot you now can add Gary Player as a lover of Carnoustie, for by hanging on to the ropes when the strongest field ever to play in the 108-year-old tournament was going down for the count, Player won the British Open.

In the midst of a bogey-filled and improbable wild final afternoon, Player proved to be the only golfer capable of hating back at a golf course that had hulled and mauled the likes of Jack Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer, Bill Casper, Bob Charles, Roberto de Vicenzo, Gay Brewer, Peter Thomson, Doug Sanders and Bert Yancey.

For Player the victory ended three years of frustration in which he had won neither a major championship nor even a title on the U.S. tour. His total of 289 was the highest score to win a British Open in 21 years, but next to Nicklaus and Charles—who tied for second at 291—Casper (292), Brewer (295), Palmer (297), De Vicenzo (297), Thomson (301), Sanders (304) and Yancey (311), it looked pretty good.

There are a number of reasons why Carnoustie is so difficult, the primary one being there is no safe place to hit a golf ball. The course is located on a flat plain of sandy soil between the settlement of small, square, stucco cottages that is the town of Carnoustie and the wide North Sea beaches. But flat plains do not smooth fairways make, at least not here. The fairways at Carnoustie are

contoured like rolling waves of green surf and are as hard and dry as marble. The rough is deep, the bunkers profuse and the greens almost as firm as the fairways. Knotting up this whole hazardous package is a serpentine ribbon, a twisting, water-filled ditch known as the Barry Burn, which wanders across the 17th fairway three times and crosses the 18th three times, too. When the wind blows at Carnoustie, which it usually does, the only safe place to be is in the clubhouse.

Three previous British Opens have been held at Carnoustie, but only three players—including Ben Hogan, who won the title with a final round of 68 in 1953—had managed to break 70.

"This is not the best course the British Open is played on," said Bob Charles early in the week, "but it is certainly the toughest. The thing you need the most of is composure. You are going to encounter a great many bad lies and bad bounces, but you can't let them upset you. You've got to keep working hard all the way around so that things don't just slip away."

On the first day of play Charles's assessment proved most accurate. A breeze of 20 to 25 miles an hour, modest by Scottish seaside standards, swept the course, and up, up, up went the scores. Palmers, hitting the ball fiercely but hampered by a late starting time that towed him into the teeth of the gale, shot 77. "I have just hit three supershots in a row," he grumbled to his playing partner, Brian's Tommy Horton, as he stalked down the 11th fairway after going bogey, double-bogey on the two previous holes, "and I can't even make a par."

Nicklaus had a 76, one that was untidily constructed around a total of 37 putts ("I thought I'd never finish the round"), and De Vicenzo, the defending champion, flogged his way to a 77 ("I think I get a stiff neck from too much put-

ting practice"), as did Peter Thomson. American stars Sanders and Yancey pitched in with a pair of 78s, and British Ryder Cup player George Will, who was raised at St. Andrews, just across the Firth of Tay from Carnoustie, contributed a startling score—out in 31, back in 47. Amid all this commotion, Player's 74 ranked as the epitome of consistency, except to Player. "I was lucky," he said. "I played absolute rubbish."

Only four players managed to break par 72 on the first day, and though the weather was more benign on the second, it too was another losing struggle by the golfers. Losing, that is, until Casper teed off at 1:52 in the afternoon. The leading money winner in the U.S. this year, with \$130,000, Casper had eased himself out of the \$200,000 Milwaukee Open and into the \$48,000 British Open because "I think every golfer who takes his career seriously must at least try to win this tournament."

For a first try it turned out to be a memorable one. Playing with his customary efficiency, Casper made a strong bid to run off with the title on the second day. He started with a birdie, and by the time he got to the 9th hole he had hustled out of a greenside trap and into the cup (remember the same shot when he won the 1966 U.S. Open at Olympic?), holed two more hardie putts and was four under par. Then Casper stopped making birdies and began scrambling to pars that were just as spectacular. (Now remember his 30 one-putt greens when he won the 1959 U.S. Open at Winged Foot.) He missed four of the first six greens on the back nine, but made pars on all but one of the holes. "You don't think this game is meant to be easy, do you?" he joked as he moved from one potential disaster to the next.

On the demanding final three holes, Casper's game providently returned, and he finished with two pars and a birdie

for a 68, the fourth sub 70 round in Carnoustie's Open history. Since this followed an opening round of 77, Casper suddenly had a four-shot lead on the field.

On the third day—Friday, the big lead shrank drastically when Casper had a 74 for a 54-hole total of 214, which was one better than Charles (72, 72, 71), two better than Player (74, 71, 71) and four ahead of Nicklaus (76, 69, 73).

And then for Saturday's finale the Scottish wind picked up, the cold set in and Carnoustie showed how exciting golf can be when the world's hotshots don't have their own way. Casper, paired with Charles in the final two-hole, lost his lead quickly when he drove into the rough at the second hole and bogeyed. Charles returned the favor by hitting two sand traps on the third hole and taking a double-bogey 6. While Casper was missing short putts for bogeys on the fourth and fifth holes, Player, paired with Nicklaus just up ahead, made his first error by hooking his approach to the fifth green and missing a 12-foot putt. Nicklaus finally got into the trouble routine at the sixth hole, where he hooked his drive into a Ministry of Defence firing range—which is emphatically out-of-bounds.

Charles somehow managed to get to the 10th hole before going over par again, but Player hit bad tee shots on the 10th and 11th to make bogeys, and suddenly three players, all at two over par for the tournament, were tied for the lead. They were Player, who stood over his ball on the 14th fairway squinting up toward what was visible of the flagstick some 230 yards away, Charles and Casper, who had just made pars on the 13th hole and were striding toward the 14th tee. Nicklaus, two strokes back, was in the woods to the right of the fairway trying to figure out how to extricate his ball without hitting a tree on his backswing.

"I really thought Nicklaus was deep in the bush somewhere," Player said later. "Then Jack took out a wood and whacked it up so near the green that the crowd began to yell. I thought, 'Oh, Lord, what has he done now!'"

A few moments later the roars were for Gary. From where Player stood the red flag, flapping in the wind on the 14th green, was just visible behind a

huge mound up ahead on the fairway. Player's ball took off in a straight white streak as he lashed into it with his three-wood. "The shot was so straight," he said later, "that I had to lean sideways to see the top of the flagstick."

The surface of the green was not visible from where Player stood, twisting sideways and clutching his three-wood. But the crowd in the grandstand beside the green began to yell as the ball landed short of the putting surface and hopped toward the hole. The roar grew louder and louder, until the ball finally stopped two feet from the cup. It was one of the memorable shots of recent major championships, and when Player tapped in his eagle he had a two-stroke lead that he never gave up. But there was still many a thrill as he struggled to preserve his advantage.

Nicklaus did his best to keep the pressure on Player through the final four holes, and Player did his best to keep the pressure on himself. On 15, Player saved his par by chopping his second shot out of the high rough, hitting a sand wedge to the green and sinking a curling, eight-foot putt. Nicklaus, meanwhile, barely missed a putt for a par.

On the par-3 16th both golfers used drivers against a slight breeze. Player hunkered himself short to the right, but Nicklaus hammered a beauty that stopped only 20 feet from the cup. As the two good friends walked together

toward the green through the massed crowds on either side of the protective chestnut palings, Player turned to Nicklaus and said: "Man, what a shot. What are you trying to do to me?"

"Do to you?" Nicklaus said with a surprised laugh. "I took what you're doing to me."

Nicklaus missed his putt but moved within two strokes when Player also missed a putt after a beautiful recovery from the deep bunker. By now Casper had hit a tee shot out of bounds and was through, and Charles contributed a bogey that all but ended his hopes.

Nicklaus kept trying. He hit drives of 350 yards that soared high over the twisting burn on both of the closing holes while Player hopped from island to island with cautious iron shots that squirmed this way and that—one deliberately aimed at an adjoining fairway, another into the ominous rough—but in the end his little errors netted him exactly what Jack's big drives got him: two pars.

Player, because he has been in something of an eclipse over the last three years, was doubly jubilant at his victors, dancing his way toward his final putt, hugging his caddy and lapsing into something that seemed suspiciously like tears.

Moments later he summed up his golf and Carnoustie: "It's the best I've ever played," he said. "And on the hardest course there is."

END

His first major victory in three years brings an effulgent reaction from a trophy-hugging Player.



Far from the pressures of urban life, in the pine-scented air of the Vermont hills, a father and son have found a refuge and a relationship. Until two years ago Dr. Robert O'Malley

A Summer Hike to Share

and his teen-age son were almost strangers to each other. They lived together, skied together and spoke together, but they were barely acquainted. Then that summer when they began hiking the Long Trail in the Green Mountain Range, Sean and his father discovered a new world, a world of experiences to be shared: long, lazy strolls through a sea of gentle ferns; chest-crunching climbs up rocky stream beds; noonday halts on the slippery slab of a mountaintop; the sudden shock of the chilling waters of a mountain lake on an August afternoon. The summer hours that they enjoyed—and endured—together helped to close a generation gap

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANSON CARROLL





Lesser summits on the trail stretch below as Sean and his dad attain its highest point, Mount Mansfield's Chin, and nearby Cave of the Winds,





Family Plan on Vermont's Long Trail

Last year 5,000 hikers strolled, jogged, tramped or plodded through the Green Mountains of Vermont in pursuit of a sometimes tortuous, sometimes idyllic footpath that extends the length of the state. Among the serious hikers were Robert D. O'Malley, M.D. and his 13-year-old son, Sean, for whom the Long Trail is not just a walk in the woods. It is a rugged challenge to be met like a military campaign, and they approach it as they would guerrilla warfare. Moreover, to the O'Malleys, ardent skiers, hiking is an excellent conditioner—an ideal way to fill the long, uncomfortable interim between spring and winter.

The discovery of the Long Trail by Sean and his father, who is chief of surgery at Holyoke Hospital in Massachusetts, was not their own doing. It dates back to a day in the spring of 1966 when the family was out on a common American auto trip. Mrs. O'Malley was seized with an irrepressible urge to browse among the Bennington, Vt. pottery shops. "Why don't you two take a nice long walk?" she suggested to Sean and her husband. By the end of the summer of 1967 that walk had earned father and son End-to-End Emblems Nos. 272 and 273 for completing 260 miles of trail from Massachusetts to Canada.

The 12 divisions of the Long Trail can be hiked (according to the Green Mountain Club's rules) all at once or one at a time, in no particular sequence. The O'Malleys spent two summers of weekends, holidays and vacations on the trail. Usually they polished off no more than one division at a time, which could mean a hike of 25 miles over half a dozen summits.

Not the least of the rewards of trail hiking to Bob O'Malley, who was 50 last summer, is the chance it has given him to know his young son better. "As a result of our planning and hiking together," he says, "Sean and I have been a lot closer than I have been with any of the other five kids, and I regret not having had the chance to do the same with his older siblings."

Dr. O'Malley, nevertheless, managed to co-opt the other siblings and Mrs. O'Malley into the project from time to time. On every hike one or another of the family acted as chauffeur and provisioner for the hikers. The "man in the valley," as he (or she) is called, is an indispensable logistical factor in the O'Malley Long Trail System and, according to Bob, the secret of their success. Most frequently the valleyman last summer was 18-year-old daughter Pat. Stationed at a motel nearby, she shopped for fresh provisions while the hikers were hiking, packed supplies, prepared a "surprise basket" lunch (or supper as the case might be) for the next scheduled resupply rendezvous, took the dirty socks and shirts from the previous day's hike to the laundromat and spent her evenings slicing bologna for sandwiches and dipping match tips in candle wax (to make them fire- and rainproof).

On a typical jaunt, the O'Malleys Bob, Sean and valleyman Pat drove from their home in Holyoke to a motel situated not too far from the access point leading to the division of the trail they had chosen to hike. In the evening, to the accompaniment of Pat's guitar, Sean and Bob checked the gear, packed their backpacks and discussed the next day's assault plan. From among the supply of dehydrated and other nonperishable staples in the car trunk—kept stocked at all times by the valleyman—they selected their menus: dried oatmeal, canned bacon or sausage, dehydrated beef, canned chicken, minute rice, biscuits, raisins, soda crackers, hard-boiled eggs, Shake-A-pudd'n, instant coffee, tea bags and, depending on the weight of their packs, perhaps an apple or orange. For his canteen Sean added a package of Fizzies—flavored, carbonated tablets that would spell journey's end to any adult who had to swallow the stuff.

On overnight trips Bob normally toted about 20 pounds, Sean 15. Apart

from food, cooking equipment and, of course, sleeping bags (they also indulged in the luxury of air mattresses at the price of 48 extra ounces), they carried very little else.

The O'Malleys' first planned hike, in June 1966, was Division II in the southern part of Vermont. They hadn't gone five miles before they were greeted with a sign announcing that they were about to climb "the longest 2.7 miles in the world!" the ascent to the top of Glasenbury Mountain. Two years and 254 miles wiser they can now boast of longer, tougher miles. They can also tell you, contrary to popular belief, that it is easier to climb "genely" than to descend. The muscle actions are less jerky and violent in ascent.

Their second summer on the trail was a record season for wetness in New England, but there were silver linings, too. The July 4 weekend through the Sugarbush, Glen Ellen and Mad River ski country was one. "We discovered a beautiful lake we never knew existed [Pleasant] in the Middlebury College Snow Bowl. And we thought we knew that area like the back of our hands," Dr. O'Malley said. They caught a breathless, panoramic view of Lake Champlain from the top of the chair lift at Mad River Glen. At the Sugarbush summit they felt like kings of the mountain when the gondola attendant sent up ice Cokes from the valley below.

By the time they had finished the 10th division, their last and one of the most rugged, Sean and his father—in 28 days, all told—had climbed over 50 summits, including the Forehead, the Nose, the Upper Lip, the Lower Lip, the Adam's Apple and the lichen-covered Chim of Mount Mansfield. As they took their last rest in Duck Brook Shelter, they felt happy but somehow let down to have it all over. The doctor, however, found a remedy. This year, to fill the unmentionable gap between spring and winter, he and Sean, joined by young Michael O'Malley, 12, are hiking the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

—ROSIE MARY MICHAM

In the Back of the Bus

The world of professional sport has offered great opportunity to the Negro in recent years, but it has not offered him equality. He still gets less for doing more on behalf of a white athletic establishment that appreciates him most when he knows his place. **By Jack Olsen**

Shortly before the St. Louis Cardinals' Bob Gibson took the mound recently to try to equal Don Drysdale's record of six consecutive shutouts he was asked if the pressure of the situation bothered him. "I face more pressure every day just being a Negro," he said.

"You know those junkyards along the highways in Jersey?" said Larry Doby, the first Negro ever to play in the American League. "Well, they have scrap heaps just like that for athletes—most of them black. Black athletes are cattle. They're raised, fed, sold and killed. Baseball moved me toward the front of the bus, and it let me ride there as long as I could run. And then it told me to get off at the back door."

"Man, put that pen away," said Curt Flood of the Cardinals this spring when a Negro reporter began to ask him about race relations. "The next thing you know I'll be playing in Tulsa."

Gibson was hitingly serious, Doby deeply bitter and Flood only half kidding. Though all three are baseball players and the remarks of each were directed at a different aspect of the problem, all were answering the question of whether the professional Negro athlete

is viewed as an equal—more or less. The pro sports establishment would maintain that it is a bastion of racial equality. But in spite of 20 years of progress, the professional entrepreneurs still prefer their Negroes in the back of the bus.

To be sure, the life of the average black pro athlete is much better than that of his counterpart on the college campus. The professional faces few of the problems that are causing so much unrest among black college athletes. The professional can have a measure of dignity and a degree of financial security. He lives in big cities where his social life can be normal and where he can find limited acceptance. Above all, he does not have to contend with a scholastic regimen and an intellectual community that he is totally unequipped to face.

But he does have racial problems, significant ones, some of which are markedly different from the college athlete's. He watches helplessly as bigotry and discrimination on and off the field erode his earning power, restrict his opportunities for success and deny him part of the reward for his achievements. He must be measurably better than a white

man playing the same position. He must accept the stacking of Negroes at certain positions in order to keep other spots open. He must face up to quota systems—only so many blacks per backfield or per infield or per team. He must cope with instances of personal prejudice (teammate racism, though diminishing, has severely hampered numerous teams in various sports).

These are aspects of its operation that pro sport would like to keep quiet, but the Negro professional is no longer going along with the gag. Like his collegiate counterpart, he is talking. Negroes have had so much to gripe about that, listening, one sometimes feels the grapes will survive the justification for them. But grievances, whether based on fact, on imagination or on a mixture of both, are still grievances. The Negroes' list of them is chilling, and they must be acknowledged.

Nor is the problem any longer restricted to a handful of players. The degree to which Negroes have moved into pro sport is astonishing. More than half the players in the National Basketball Association are Negroes—as were eight of the 10 starters in the last NBA All-Star Game. A quarter of the players in

the National Football League are Negroes, and the last All-NFL team was 40% black. Nearly 25% of the players in major league baseball are American Negroes, and here, too, a disproportionate number of the stars are not white. For example, of the top 10 hitters in the National League last season, only one was a Caucasian.

But in spite of this imposing success, the black athlete still finds that he is playing a white man's game, and the white man is not only running the show from the front office, but applying his old stereotyped concepts to the task.

In baseball the Negro usually will find himself in the outfield, less often playing the infield and least often performing as a member of the battery. Only 13 of the 207 pitchers on major league rosters this summer are Negroes. In the pro football leagues, those streamlined

models of modern professional sport, the Negro is never permitted to be a quarterback, and one can only pity the black athlete who played the position in college. He wants that pro contract as much as the next man, maybe more, because there are far fewer ways for a Negro to make big money. But he knows that he has no real chance to become a pro quarterback. So what does he do? He switches. He *anticipates* the white man's categorization and acts accordingly.

In his native Long Beach, Calif., Gene Washington was not only a prep passing star but student-body president of an integrated school. He played quarterback on the freshman team at Stanford, and in his sophomore year he beat out veteran Dave Lewis for the starting quarterback's job. But in his junior year, 1967, Washington suddenly emerged as a flankerback. The impression on the

campus was that another player had beaten him out, but the truth was that Washington had initiated the change himself. "It was strictly a matter of economics," he says. "I knew a black quarterback would have little chance in pro ball unless he was absolutely superb. What usually happens is that the pro team tells you there's no place for you at quarterback, but they can use you as a defensive back or a flanker. And then they tell you they can't give you as much money because you'd be learning a new position. So I decided to beat them to it. Now when I deal with the pros I will deal for the most money available to me at my position."

Says Sam Skinner, an outspoken San Francisco Negro journalist, "The pro teams don't recognize the black man's mind. They recognize our bodies for beautiful strength, and that's the end of

continued

What They Think Now

Yesterday's stars, members of that elite group that made it to the top, can look at the life of the Negro athlete from a rare perspective—they have both height and hindsight. Here is what 10 of them are doing today, and some of the differing views they now hold

WILLIE NAULLS

A UCLA All-America and NBA star, Naulls is a tough and prospering businessman in the Los Angeles ghetto of Watts. He owns a Col. Sanders Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise there and is working on a major venture—construction of a four-acre shopping center. "I always wanted to work in Watts, to help Watts come back," says Naulls.

His athletic fame has offered impetus to his new career—people in Los Angeles will listen to him—but Naulls is unsmiling about the realities of being a black man in the business world. "Athletics opens doors, but you're in trouble if you depend on those open doors alone," he says. "I know some people don't like me—just because of my color. I expect to have trouble obtaining loans. I'm never confident of anything until it's in writing. But I don't want handouts. That's not my bag at all. Just equality."



The Black Athlete continued

it. The pros will tell you they don't discriminate, but they do. They get these Negro quarterbacks who can do anything—play flanker, defensive back, halfback, everything—so they avoid using them as quarterbacks. I've always said that if we can find a Negro quarterback who runs the 100 in 10.5, misses tackles and falls down when he goes out for a pass, we may have our first pro quarterback."

Rigid patternization of black athletes occurs throughout pro football. Everyone knows that there are no Negro quarterbacks, but nobody stops to think about other positions. On one typical weekend last season in the NFL, no Negro center started a game. Of the 32 offensive guards in the starting lineups of NFL teams, 29 were white. That tight little interior cluster of men, which is comprised of the center, two offensive guards and a quarterback, was as lily-white as the Alabama state police. "It's not very complicated to figure out," says a white NFL player. "The play starts right in that cluster. The center has to get the ball off on exactly the right count and then cover his man. The two of-

ferse guards have to know how to stand fast and block to one side or the other, and they have to know how to pull the hell out of there and lead the play around an end, and they have to know how to head fake and shoulder fake and everything else, because the other team is watching them and the center to try to figure out where the play's going. Those three guys and the quarterback are it. It doesn't make a damn what the other seven players do; if anybody in that tight little cluster screws up, that's it. The play is dead. Now, how can white coaches, with all their built-in prejudices about the Negro, assign positions like that to black men?"

The situation at linebacker is similar. On that same typical weekend of last season 48 linebackers lumbered out on the field to start NFL games. Forty-five of them, or 94%, were white. "It's the same thing there," says the NFL player. "Most defensive football players have a single job to do, with little variation, but the linebacker has to exercise judgment. He may wind up tackling the quarterback 15 yards behind the line of scrimmage, or he may wind up knocking down

a pass 20 yards up the field. He has to be able to read plays—well, everybody knows all the things the linebacker has to do. It's one of the most responsible defensive positions. Therefore, he can't be a Negro. The few exceptions are guys like Dave Robinson of Green Bay. Robinson is so good that even the coach would not have the guts to play him someplace else. In other words, a few Negroes can break through these white preconceptions, but only if they're superplayers, and Dave Robinson is."

The perfect position for the black athlete in pro football, as seen through the white establishment's lenses, is cornerback. The position requires speed, a commodity that most Negroes bring to the game. And it requires very little of that quality which the white man likes to think belongs exclusively to him: judgment. "Cornerback is not a brains position," says Bill Koman, retired St. Louis Cardinal linebacker. "You pick up the split end or the flanker and you stay with him all the way. That's it. There's very little judgment required."

On that same weekend last year in the NFL, the cornerback areas resembled

LARRY DOBY

As the American League's first Negro, Doby, 43, hoped for much from baseball. He wanted to be a major league coach but he received no offers of any kind from baseball, and he is now a John Hancock insurance salesman in New Jersey. "As a career, baseball is different for the white; it's a chance to make important contacts," he says. "When his major league career is over, a white player will have a \$20,000 job waiting. The black man will have to hustle. That's why a chance to coach and to stay in baseball is so important. They say we aren't qualified. How do they know?" Doby thinks that organized baseball considers itself safe from serious criticism or attack. "But these new black athletes aren't going to sit back and wait," he says. "And wouldn't it be a shame if baseball waited until the ball park is burned down before it stepped in and did things right?"



JOHN HENRY JOHNSON

For 12 years with San Francisco, Detroit and Pittsburgh, he was the epitome of the powerhouse fullback, but Johnson was always conscious of his second-class citizenship. "You don't get the endorsements, advertisements and job preferences like white athletes do," he says. "I love football and I had aspirations to coach, but I couldn't get a job. I know lots of players are hired as coaches right after they retire, but the Steelers told me I needed experience. After 18 years of football? How could they have the audacity to say this?" Johnson, 38, is now a public-relations man with Columbia Gas of Pennsylvania Inc., and most of his time is spent with deprived youngsters from Pittsburgh ghettos. "Athletes should use their position to help less fortunate Negroes," he says. "The activist stand taken by some athletes today requires a lot of fortitude. They're making a great sacrifice if they boycott the Olympics. They have a right to that protest. I'm not sure what I would do."

the middle of a cotton field in Crumrod, Ark. Three-fourths of the starting cornerbacks, 24 out of 32, were black. In fact, the ratio of black to white cornerbacks was almost exactly the reverse of the ratio of white to black players in the league.

"Yassuh, white man, boss," says one derisive NFL cornerback. "We ain't got the brains to play center, 'cause we can't count, but we can follow that flanker's ass all the way down the field, yark, yark."

The average young Negro player tries in high school to program himself into the glamorous offensive positions, and it is from the ranks of these star backs that pro cornerbacks are made later. There are few pro teams that care to start three Negro offensive backs. The customary maximum is two. Though they deny it, of course, color becomes a factor when teams assess their player needs at draft and trade time. A team with a black fullback and flanker will take a very good black running back but would still prefer a white one, and will draft accordingly. Talent remains the biggest criterion, but color matters.

As a result, more and more high school and college football players are taking the Gene Washington route: changing their positions to fit the white man's mold. If the white man thinks you should be a cornerback, start off as one.

Those who insist on playing certain positions often have problems when they go up to the pros. "You find yourself getting switched and doing everything backward," says Bobby Mitchell, Washington Redskins flankerback who was an All-Big Ten halfback at the University of Illinois. "Then you start getting extra coaching and you tense up, because now you're thinking about every step. The next thing you know you're fouling up all over, and then—bang!—you're out. But I've seen white football players who were switched from their college positions and started messing up, and they were sent back to their old positions to regain their confidence."

"There are a lot of variables in this problem," says one NFL player. "Remember: the idea in pro football is to create white heroes to please the white crowd. Negroes play cornerback because cornerback isn't what you would call a

heroic position. It works out fine for everybody's prejudices—fans and coaches. The NFL, and the AFL, too, for that matter, is loaded with coaches who decide *a priori* that the Negro isn't fit for judgment-responsibility positions like quarterback, linebacker, offensive guard and center. Negroes get essentially straight-line jobs: cornerback (stick to your man); pass rusher (get the quarterback); flanker and split end (run like hell and catch that pass). These are jobs that require natural ability, which the white coach admits the Negro has, but less judgment, which the white coach doubts the Negro has."

Buddy Young, the All-America from Illinois who now works as Commissioner Pete Rozelle's assistant in the executive suite of the NFL, understandably takes a different position. "The black must learn that he is not a pick-and-shovel athlete, that he is capable of playing anywhere, that there are no restrictions but those he creates or accepts," says Young. Young seems to be suggesting that stacking is something the Negro player himself "creates" by not aggressively fighting against it from high school on.

continued

WALTER DUKES

Immensely ambitious, Dukes at 38 has used his basketball background (Seion Hall and the NBA) to finance an excellent education and a far-ranging travel agency that is now the hub of a prosperous system of Dukes-owned corporations dealing in everything from real estate to negotiations for a Munich franchise in a new Euro-Asian basketball league. "The best way for a black man to succeed is through sport," says Dukes. "Sport makes the black acceptable, and he has to take it from there. It is the springboard to white society. It allows the black a chance to lose himself in white affluence." But the change does not come easily. Despite his degrees and sports fame, no major companies offered Dukes an adequate job. "That moved me to strike out on my own," he says. "If I'd been born white, by now I'd be a millionaire. Sport used me and, yes, I used sport."



The Black Athlete continued

This, in turn, ignores the fact that, except for the Negro superstar, a black athlete who fights the system does so at the risk of his career.

The lamentable truth is that professional football is hampered and harassed by prejudice and discrimination. One would think that money—the great equalizer—would lead to the kind of concerted team effort that would transcend racism, but it does not. The depth to which racial unrest pervades football may be gauged by the Cleveland Brown fracas only three weeks ago. The white players on the Browns were invited to a golf outing that one of them, Ross Fichtner, was helping to promote. The blacks were not invited. “We black Browns are after the hide of this white Brown,” Cleveland’s noted Negro lineman, John Wooten, was quoted as saying after learning of the slight. Wooten later claimed he was misquoted, but the incident is a *cause célèbre*. The most important aspect of it, however, is that it should arise at all, for it suggests that the two races on the Browns are completely out of touch. Fichtner is no racist, but he used poor judgment in not

asking the Negroes (they had come the year before, but declined to mix with club members—which was the point of the outing). Wooten apparently overreacted, as men do after years of bitterness. “Both of them were dead wrong,” said Coach Blanton Collier. “I don’t know where we go from here.” Where, indeed.

The student who tries to pin down the exact locus of such racial problems in pro football—or in other pro sports—finds himself coming up with a blob of whipped cream and a puzzled look. Man for man, most members of the pro football establishment will insist that bonds of brotherhood link him to his Negro teammates. “Why, the Negroes have made this game what it is today,” says an AFL administrator. “We’d have a hell of a time without them.”

Says a white player for a Century Division team: “The prejudice takes strange and subtle forms in the NFL. I can say in complete honesty that I can never remember a coach mentioning a guy’s race or color. I can’t cite a single case of a player who was cut because he was black. I can’t remember a single

Negro-white fistfight, except one or two that had nothing to do with race. But the prejudice is there. The league reeks of it. The way the teams are composed. The way the locker rooms are laid out. The way Negroes are criticized more than whites. The way they’re not supposed to know how to play certain positions. The way the white players are allowed to boss them around and criticize them. But if you accuse anybody of being prejudiced you get a lot of fancy rationalizations and explanations how this coach fought to keep a certain Negro on the team and, therefore, he can’t be prejudiced, and how that coach makes regular trips to Blacktown to recruit Negro stars, so he can’t be prejudiced. All those things that make them sound like big liberals. If I were a Negro I’d go nuts trying to fight it, because you can’t fight it. Where do you start? It’s like attacking a wall of mushroom soup.”

In examining race prejudice in the NFL, one encounters such research material as the fact that 11 of the 15 starting NFL quarterbacks in 1966 were from the South or Southwest, either by birth or college affiliation. That statistic seems

JIMMY CARTER

Few boxers have been as graceful as this lightweight champion of the late '40s, and to aging Jimmy Carter, 44, those long-ago glories have not been tarnished by time. Not at all. “People still look up to an ex-champion,” he says. “If he keeps himself together and does the right things, they’ll remember him. I still get requests for autographed pictures from all over the world.” Car-

ter’s job now is grooming poodles at a Beverly Hills pet shop. “Most fighters are awfully tough and pretty smart in the ring,” says Carter, “but not too smart outside. We’re softhearted. We’re not very hep on business matters. People take advantage of us. But the world’s not been unfair to me.” No militant, he is opposed to the black nationalists. “I believe the Communists have brainwashed some of those people.”



harmless enough, until one talks to a Negro end who finds himself wondering whether he gets passed to as often as he should. Who knows? Pro football authorities will say the very idea of such a form of prejudice is preposterous, and any pro quarterback will say it is absurd to think that the color of his target matters—that he discriminates. But is it absurd? Statisticians can't be compiled on matters like that.

Similarly, no one keeps records on quotas, and there is no way to tell what the black quota is on each team without reading the owner's mind or sitting in on front-office conferences. But quotas are a routine fact of life in all professional sports. The establishment thinks it is giving the fans (i.e., the whites) what they want. And though the front-office personnel shudder at the thought of being held responsible, they are the ones who establish the quota. The main reason offered in any honest discussion of the subject is identification: psychologically the fans have to be able to identify with the team, and how can white fans identify with black players? But fans also like a winner, and the general man-

ager must work from two curving lines on the graph of his club's success. One charts performance, the other identification. The more star Negroes he uses the better performance he is likely to get. But, he reasons, the more Negroes he uses, the less white fan identification he gets. It is where his two lines cross that a quota is established, one that varies from city to city, sport to sport and team to team. Nothing is more obvious in professional sport than the fact that there are quotas—and few things are as hotly denied.

"There are quotas on every NFL team and always have been," says Bobby Mitchell. "Paul Brown was a pioneer in the extensive use of Negroes, but eight or nine was about it. The Redskins had about 17 to 20 most of last year. That was high, and I bet we won't be that high this year. Do you really believe that when a coach says, 'I'll take the best player at the position,' he means it?"

One hears all sorts of rationalizations for quotas. "Negroes are moody," says Chris Burford, former Kansas City Chiefs' pass catcher. "They tend to range higher and lower emotionally than white

players. If you get in a game on a day when a majority of them are moody, then you can be in trouble if you are playing a lot of them. To me, seven to 10 is the ideal number of Negroes to have on a football team."

Not many pro coaches operate on the premise that Negroes are moody and therefore ought to be held within limits, but many coaches do hold that individual Negroes can have a wrong "attitude" and cause team trouble. "The white man is always interested in your 'attitude,'" says Jim Parker, former All-League tackle for the Baltimore Colts. "You have to have the right 'attitude' or you can't play. You look at a guy and you think he can play, and then one day he's on the train going home—something to do with his 'attitude.' You worry about it, but you don't ask any questions, because you have a family to feed."

Pro coaches will go out of their way to avoid drafting a Negro with the wrong "attitude," and there is evidence that such blackbaling includes the whole NFL and AFL. Robert Lawrence (Bobby) Smith, who is 6' 3" and 190 pounds

continued

WES COVINGTON

The Philadelphia-based firm of Wes Covington Enterprises Inc. has real-estate holdings in Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and Florida, and an affiliated corporation, Diamond Maintenance Janitorial Service Inc., is one of Philadelphia's largest custodial services companies. Now an employer of 40 people, the 36-year-old former outfielder for the Braves and Phillies sees his corporate activities as something more than a mere profit-and-loss operation. "When I founded my companies," he says, "I thought maybe I could do something for mankind by starting something where I could employ people. It's one of the greatest challenges to see a man who's a borderline case and show him a better way. I'm not running a Negro company or a black company. I'm running a company that will meet the conditions of today." And, in turn, he feels baseball has been very unfair by not hiring Negroes for nonplaying jobs.

JOE WALCOTT

The former heavyweight champion, now 54, is a city juvenile-affairs official in Camden, N.J., and he makes no secret of his gratitude toward boxing. "It was exceptionally good to me. Where else could a guy who quit school at 14 get into a position where he meets four Presidents and the Pope?" But he feels that boxing has its double standard. "If I'd been a white fighter, I'd

have been far more successful financially," says Walcott. "I can't even estimate the material loss I suffered from being a black man." Walcott is no militant, but neither is he opposed to the activists. "We must each choose our own way, but we're trying to get to the same place," he says. "We're trying to make people understand that the black athlete is not just an athlete but that he is a human being as well."



The Black Athlete continued

and very fast, was a starting defensive back at the University of California for three years, averaging 290 minutes of playing time per season. When he was selected for the East-West game and the Hula Bowl and played in both, the pro scouts seemed quite interested in him. "After the season I was told that I would be drafted," Smith says, "possibly as high as the second or third round. I was told this in person by one scout, and I also heard it indirectly from those who said they were speaking for three or four clubs."

Then the Cal campus erupted in a black-white athletic disturbance that led to the departure of the head basketball coach. The spokesman for the black militant forces turned out to be Robert Lawrence Smith. "I used to be a good nigger," he explains, "but now I was one of the bad guys."

The pro draft took place a week after the disturbance, and Bobby Smith was ignored. He was not even so much as invited to try out on any team in the NFL or AFL as a free agent, which is the least that happens to any superior college football player. "If they can draft jailbirds [Cincinnati drafted an imprisoned Michigan State defensive back], why couldn't they draft me?" asks Smith. "I'll tell you why, because they go by the creed 'keep them grateful.' I guess I wouldn't be grateful enough."

An "ungrateful" black might indeed find enough inequities to keep his team in constant turmoil. For one, segregation is still more or less the norm. Sometimes the segregation is imposed by the team itself, and the athlete either takes it or speaks out and risks losing his job. Clemson Daniels, star running back of the Oakland Raiders, is one who speaks out. "I play for a pro club, and there should be no segregation problems. But out comes the rooming list on the road and all the blacks are paired, except on this club where we had 11 blacks, so one was given a single room."

Mike Garrett sometimes finds himself wondering about the Kansas City Chiefs' front office. "Since so many of our boys are from the South, I can't help asking myself the question: Is that why when we go on the road Negroes are always roomed with other Negroes?"

Up until recently a sort of unspoken agreement between black and white con-

signed the biggest white players to the front or first-class section of the Chiefs' charter plane and all the blacks to the back or economy section. "Originally the idea was that the biggest of the white players needed lots of space to be comfortable," says Garrett, "so they grabbed those big first-class seats. It was a kind of continuation of the back-of-the-bus idea." But there were big Negro players, too, and stocky muscular ones who wanted to relax in comfort on the flight home. Finally Bobby Bell, a Negro linebacker, walked to the front section and deposited his 6' 4" frame into one of the first-class seats. The other Negroes watched from the rear to see what would happen. The white players murmured a hit, but did nothing. "I told myself, 'I want to sit up there too,'" says Garrett. "So I did." And that was the end of the Kansas City Chiefs' segregated charter system.

The average fan has no idea of the everyday pressures and tensions that exist between Negroes and whites on almost every professional team. Pro athletes tend to be prima donnas in the first place, supernatulous specialists who push themselves to the limit and punish themselves unreasonably if they fail. They can be just as harsh on one another, and instead of ameliorating the tensions between the races, pro sports is sometimes more likely to inflame them.

Sometimes the player-to-player tensions become violent. A white player on one AFL team called a black player a "dirty nigger" and was soundly beaten up for his remark. But such scenes are far rarer now in all pro sports than they were in the early days of sporting integration. Mike Garrett likes to point out that his own relationships with white players are excellent. He mentions in particular E. J. Holuh, a linebacker from Texas. "The great thing about Holuh is he keeps after you to do your best whether you're white or Negro, and if you don't be rides you equally hard. That's all I ask. I want to be taken for granted, not coddled or patronized or loved or hated because of my color."

Aside from matters of man-to-man prejudice, the black professional athlete makes two major complaints, that he must be significantly better than his white counterpart, and that when he is through as a competitor his sport has no use for

him. It is in baseball that these two aspects of the black athlete's career show themselves most clearly.

In terms of the militant postures of today's young Negro society, baseball is almost an anachronism. The biggest single move of the black team athlete into the consciousness of America came when Jackie Robinson was brought up to Brooklyn in 1947, and it is argued by some that baseball has been resting on its liberal laurels since. Conservative by nature and hell-bent to maintain its profit curve, baseball has kept rigid control over its athletes—black and white alike. At a time when black athletes are being put under heavy pressure to join in the civil rights movement and to pour energy and prestige back into the Negro community, it is rare that a black baseball player is heard from. Curt Flood was kidding about Tulsa, but the specter of the minor leagues is too real for the average baseball player to risk offending the front office.

"Baseball players can't stick their noses out and say things about racial injustice like a Russell or Chamberlain," says an established major league star. "We can't negotiate for ourselves because of the reserve clause. There are no other leagues. Either you sign with your team or you don't play baseball."

It is rare, therefore, for a Negro baseball player to talk about the disparity between what is expected of him and what is expected of the white player, but the difference exists, and the Negroes are well aware of it. "We have to produce a lot more to stay around," says a major leaguer who was typically insistent about not being identified. "There are plenty of white guys who've been around here 15 years with lifetime batting averages of .240, but you don't see many Negroes around like that. And you don't see many Negroes sitting on the benches, either."

A statistical study by Aaron Rosenblatt in the sociological journal *Trans-Africa* documented with shocking clarity how much better the Negro has to be. It showed that in the seasons of 1962 through 1965 the American Negro major leaguer hit 21.2 percentage points better than the white major leaguer. (Pitchers' batting averages were not included.) Approximately the same percentage pertained to the previous nine



Androscoggin— the river they rescued from drowning

New Hampshire's Thirteen Mile Woods is wild, beautiful river country famous for salmon, trout, canoe trips, hunting and scenic driving. But it came close to drowning in one vast puddle. A hydroelectric dam was planned for the Androscoggin River. Opponents were few.

Government Engineers were ready to do the job, if the idea won approval. Then a National Wildlife Federation's affiliate — The Federated Sportsman's Clubs of New Hampshire — spoke. They had objections, a lady secretary named Rachael Terrill to voice them, and other clubs in agreement. They warned that the swift, clear waters would turn sluggish, trout and salmon would die off, and game-filled forest land would become mudflats. Still, few listened.

Suddenly, in 1968, those who loved their river found they had scarcely any time left. But they made seconds count. Paul Bohniger, of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, organized a local committee. They got help from the Audubon Society, Society of American Foresters, League of Women Voters, newspaper editor Brud Warren, Tom Christensen's radio station, reporter Linnea Staples, and many others. They spread the facts all over New Hampshire, winning support from the paper and land holding companies that own much of the property.

Then the utility company entered the picture. From a study of its own, it declared the dam uneconomical and detrimental to natural resources. So Governor King asked the conservationists, under Bohniger's leadership, to plan for the valley's permanent protection. The river was safe.

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The Black Athlete continued

years. The conclusion was obvious, and Rosenblatt drew it. "More places are available in the majors for the substar white player than for the comparably able Negro."

But of even more importance to the Negro is the fact that when he stops hitting 20 points better than the white, baseball is through with him. *Forever*. More than anything this lets the black athlete know that organized baseball does not consider him an equal. There are almost no Negroes among baseball's front-office personnel, there is no Negro manager, and there is only one Negro coach (Jim Gilliam of the Dodgers).

"I guess black people are just too dumb to be in front offices," says Earl Wilson, who won 22 games for Detroit last year. "I guess we don't have any knowledge of the game. People say wait five or 10 years and it will happen. Well, man, I can't wait. It has to happen now. Strip those 22 wins off me and who am I? Just another black man."

Says Pittsburgh's Roberto Clemente: "They're always asking can the colored player do it, do this, do that? They never ask the white player. They just give him the coaching job."

"I have to watch out for myself when I'm playing," says the Cardinals' Bob Gibson. "When I quit nobody will come up to me and ask me if I want to be the general manager."

Black players repeatedly cite Bill White of the Phillies as a Negro capable of being a major league manager. "A lot of people have thrown my name around as the first Negro manager," says White. "So far, I haven't seen any club owner throw it around."

Former Negro players speak on this subject quite openly, in part because they have nothing to lose. Wes Covington, who spent 12 years in the major leagues, points out an aspect of baseball's problem that is different from professional football or basketball. For the most part, the Negro baseball player has little education to fall back upon when he has to start job hunting.

"Society needs an educated man," says Covington. "There is no tie between baseball owners and colleges. Baseball had better find ways to give its young Negro players the incentive to go to college. This is a contribution that baseball must consider. If it doesn't, the

good Negro athletes won't be in baseball a few years from now. They'll go into other sports."

Larry Doby has even stronger and more urgent feelings on the subject. Normally Doby is a good-natured man, quick to laugh, friendly. He is now an insurance agent in Saddle Brook, N.J. "Major League Financial Planning," his card says. When dressed in his somber suit and regimental striped tie he looks like a successful businessman. But all Doby ever really wanted was to stay in baseball. He was the American League's Jackie Robinson, and he hoped baseball would find a place for him. But baseball did not.

"Baseball has done a lot for the Negro," says Doby, "but the Negro has done more for baseball. Black players have meant gold for baseball owners. I drew a lot of people into Cleveland in those days. I was surprised about two things. Surprised I ever got a chance to play in the big leagues and more surprised I didn't get a chance to stay in when I was through playing. After all, I was a pioneer. It doesn't make sense to me that an insurance company would give me the chance to prove I could handle a job, but baseball wouldn't even let me try."

"I wouldn't go out of my way to go back now. When I think of the way things were, I wonder how we did it. I remember sliding into second base and the fielder spitting tobacco juice in my face, and I just walked away. *I walked away*. They'd shout at you: 'You dirty black so and so!' There's no way to walk away from that, but I did. I didn't have a light until 1957. Charlie Neal had one in Brooklyn about the same time, I guess we celebrated our independence."

Much of the personal racial animosity that Larry Doby remembers is gone in baseball now. The friction between white and black players today often comes back to the problem of economics, which is the whole point in pro sports.

Black professional athletes swear that the color of their skin consistently costs them money, and when the white establishment points to Willie Mays and his \$125,000 salary the Negroes answer, "Keep on pointing," and it is not very long before there is no one left to point out. Frank Robinson of the Baltimore Orioles figures that the color of his skin

has cost him a minimum of \$50,000 in salaries alone through the years. The San Francisco Giants have raised the knack of signing nonwhites almost to an art form. In the same period that a California white boy named Mike McCormack got a \$40,000 bonus, a Negro named Orlando Cepeda was signing for \$500. Giant Owner Horace Stoneham paid \$350 for Jim Ray Hart's signature, \$500 for Willie McCovey, \$500 for Felipe Alou and \$4,000 for Joan Marchal.

The black players also find themselves far down on the endorsement scale. They wonder if it could really be true that the sight of a black athlete's face beaming out of a billboard advertising "Okay Cola" would only send the white folks racing to the store for Coca-Cola or Pepsi, or that white buyers would rather fight than switch to a cigarette endorsed by a black. "I had a good season in 1967," says Earl Wilson. "But did my 22 wins get me any endorsements? Hell, no! Black people use all the products, but we don't get to endorse anything."

After he won the triple crown and was unanimously named the American League's Most Valuable Player, superstar Frank Robinson sat back and waited for the commercial offers to roll in. At the least he figured he would pick up \$20,000 to \$30,000 in extra money over the winter. By the time the 1967 spring-training season rolled around Robinson had made a total of one TV appearance and two \$500 speaking engagements. When he asked his agent why they had done so little business, the agent said, "Look, they don't want you, and there's nothing I can do about it." By comparison, Carl Yastrzemski of the Boston Red Sox estimates his MVP award last season will be worth about \$200,000 over a three-year period. At one point he was asking \$1,500 to \$2,000 to attend a baseball writers' dinner in Chicago. The writers balked, and Yastrzemski skipped the dinner. Frank Robinson went for expenses only.

Of the three major team sports, professional basketball has moved the closest to integration—since half its players are white and half are black it mathematically represents the ultimate in integration—but even in basketball there is more of an uneasy truce than equality. Because the Negro so dominates the

©Continued

The Black Athlete continued

sport, the old racial attitudes are kept well in check, but they were there and they die slowly.

Soon after Willie Naulls came to the St. Louis Hawks from UCLA in 1956 he found there was a banquet for the team at a country club and he was the only one not invited. He went straight to the airport to go home. "But then I decided it was easier to quit than to stay, so I stayed. A couple of weeks later I was traded, and things began going right."

Shugo Green remembers that when he came to the Hawks he was told to "just play defense for the Big Three—Pettit, Hagan and Lovellette. In my first game I hit my first four shots, and I never got back in that night. The coach said I didn't fit into the system."

Walter Dukes recalls that when he joined Detroit in the 1950s, "Blacks could not be shooters, because it was the white fans who supported the game. The whites were the scores. I was the rebounder and feeder. The plays were set up for the whites to score. Even though in my early years I had a good shooting percentage, I was forced to spe-

cialize in rebounding and chaung, to the point that I was constantly in foul trouble.

"The press began to write about me as if I was some kind of clown—the press tends to do this with Negro ball-players. I remember once the front office sent me to the wrong city for a game, and the press made me out to be an idiot." In basketball circles that unfortunate image has stuck to Dukes to this day. Since he now has a law degree, a master's degree and an international business, it is unlikely that Dukes was ever an idiot. But his sport always assumed he was.

The indisputable talent of the Negro basketball player has forced a change in some of the old policies. NBA franchises have never been strong. Winning is essential, and it takes Negroes to win. The economics of the matter cannot be escaped. Red Auerbach knew this and showed the way with his use of many Negro starters on the Boston Celtics. Eventually he made a move that no other major sport has dared: he appointed a Negro, Bill Russell, to succeed him as coach. "Because of this," says Dukes

"pro basketball has begun to realize what competition really means—fair play and a fair chance."

Maybe so, but a lot of Negro players are not as certain as Dukes that attitudes have materially changed. To use the baseball image, they still know that they have to hit 20 points higher than the whites.

Can there be such a thing as a professional sports unit in America that works together and lives together without racial discrimination, or is the problem of prejudice as virulent in sport as it seems to be in every other aspect of American society? The overwhelming evidence is that sport has not been able to lead the way to new attitudes or new accommodations, that it has found no way to divorce itself from the dreary intolerance which is seen in all the other avenues of American life.

There are two possible exceptions. One is the Celtics, a small squad led by a dynamic, militant black under conditions that hardly would permit internal racism. The other is more interesting, because it involves a sport where the Negroes are still the minority and where

SATCHEL PAIGE

After 52 years of making his living in baseball, Paige is otherwise employed. He is a process server in Jackson County, Mo., and is running for the state legislature as a Democrat. Perhaps no black athlete suffered greater deprivation due to prejudice than this peerless pitcher, who was not allowed into the majors until a decade—or even two—past his prime. "When I finally got to Cleveland," he says, "I was able to make a few nickels. Outside that, what I've made out of baseball has just been ham-and-egg money. Nobody throws a faster ball than I did. Imagine if I'd gone to the Indians in the '30s." Still, Paige—who campaigns in his old Cleveland uniform—retains his devotion to the game. "Whatever bouquets rest on my shoulders were put there by baseball," he says.



JOE BLACK

One of the National League's finest relief pitchers 15 years ago, Black held a college degree from Morgan State and was considered a man of sound intelligence. But when he retired in 1957, baseball's front offices were closed to him. His only profitable opportunity came from a liquor distillery, but the firm insisted that Black, a teetotaler, must start drinking. Instead, he became a \$4,200-a-year teacher. Things are better now. He is a vice-president for Greyhound Lines, Inc. in Chicago—a job



the boss is white, which means it more closely approximates conditions in the country as a whole. That team is the Green Bay Packers.

Whenever racial questions are discussed by NFL players, the subject of the Packers arises. In a league beset with racial confrontations, the Packer players get along. Success has something to do with that; a winner always finds life more pleasant than a loser. But more to the point is the attitude of the Packers' remarkable Vince Lombardi.

Aided by the fact that Green Bay is an isolated community with no significant Negro population of its own, Lombardi has insisted that his Packers be a family. "If you're black or white, you're a part of the family," he says. He will permit nothing that is antithetical to this basic notion. "We make no issue over a man's color. I just won't tolerate anybody in this organization, coach or player, making it an issue. We respect every man's dignity, black or white. I won't stand for any movements or groups on our ball club. It comes down to a question of love. . . . You just have to love your fellow man, and it

doesn't matter whether he is black or white. If anything is bothering any of our players—black and white alike—we settle whatever it is right away. If we find something that doesn't fit in with the Packers, we back it before it starts, that's all."

There is nothing in this particular credo that every coach in the country would not repeat with equal earnestness. The difference is that Lombardi means it, and he enforces his belief as only Lombardi can.

"I can't think of a single racial incident we have had," says All-League Safety Willie Wood. "Green Bay is such a small town that you can't have a difference with a player because you wouldn't have anywhere to go. A lot of credit in past years goes to Em Tunnell and Paul Hornung. Tunnell was a natural leader. The players took to him. He and Hornung were almost inseparable, and Hornung knew no color. Most of the activities of the players centered around these two guys. Lombardi has picked men for the Packers who are bigger than any little racial hatred. We go over to Bart Starr's for dinner. When

new players came they saw how Starr from Alabama and Hornung from Kentucky and the others acted. So there was only one way for the new fellows to act, no matter where they were from."

"The important thing," says Linebacker Dave Robinson, "is that everybody gets equal treatment. Any time you feel some hostility over something that has happened, you soon find out that the same treatment is being doled out to the whites. It never enters my mind that I'm being chewed out because I'm a Negro."

"No," says Lombardi, "we haven't had any problems. And we don't anticipate any."

Because he can make that statement, Lombardi is the envy of pro sport.

Next Week

A case study of the St. Louis Cardinals, who had hopes for an NFL title but finished last season defeated and divided of tee an open cauldron of racial trouble

he says he got largely because of his baseball fame. But he sees plenty of exploitation of blacks in baseball. "Salarywise, the Negro has been taken advantage of. Many times he is paid from \$15,000 to \$20,000 when he should be getting \$45,000. The power structure always says, 'You're making an excellent salary in comparison to the black community.' Sure, black athletes were given opportunities, but they used to be denied the right of dissent. They were forced to accept the status quo. Now black athletes are telling the sports world that those yesterdays are gone."

DON NEWCOMBE

Once the overpowering right arm of the Dodgers, Newcombe has been out of baseball for six years, some of them bleak. He went bankrupt in 1966, losing \$150,000 when a Newark business failed because, as he puts it, "My own black people didn't support me." His troubles have eased recently, and he is now a divisional marketing manager at Los Angeles for Northern Systems Co., a subsidiary of Northern Natural Gas Co. Newcombe specializes in the improvement of ways of training the hard-core unemployed. Through baseball did not offer Newcombe a job, "There's no doubt that it provided a lot of entrees for me," he says. "The world owes me nothing more than what I willingly give it. Put junk into a computer and you get junk back as an answer. It's the same with life."





THE BEST IN ANY TANK, BY GEORGE!

By George Haines, that is, the illustrious coach of the Santa Clara Swim Club and the U.S. Men's Olympic Team

by COLES PHINIZY

Before he grows too short of breath and dam of eye every rabid, dyed-in-the-wool, red-blooded, 100' American sports fan should attend at least one large swimming meet in Northern California simply to appreciate the difference. Whereas a football game needs only a few dozen well-padded endomorphs, a Northern California swimming meet is considered a flop if it does not attract 300 or 400 competitors of both sexes and various ages. And it is really no show at all unless there are a few Olympians, a couple of world-record holders, four or five dozen teenage whizzes and a legion of grade-school hotshots on hand.

During a football game, a linebacker sitting on the bench would never think of clambering into the stands to ask his mother if she remembered to feed his pet turtle. At a swimming meet, the young competitors are constantly on the prowl. They are in the bleachers. They are three-deep at the snack bar. They are wrestling on their quilts and bedrolls when they are supposed to be resting up for the next event. There are so many sun-darkened bodies milling around the pool deck, so many jerseys and towels scattered about, that a big swim meet does not resemble a sports event as much as washday on the banks of the Ganges.

Consider, as an example, the 16th Annual Swimming Relays, held on the 22nd and 23rd of June in the Chabot College Pool at 25555 Hesperian Boulevard in Hayward, Calif. under the sanction of the Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union and under the sponsorship of the Beaver swimming team of San Leandro. Around 3 p.m. on the 23rd, amid enterprises of great poth and moment, three small girls, with the mustard of their last hot dogs still showing on their faces, were running along the

side of the pool. As they ran they shouted, "Where's Carol? Have you seen Carol? She's anchor on our relay!" (It is a basic rule of swimming that the relay team that hopes to win together should stay together.) Meanwhile the mother of a swimmer (she was obviously a mother, for she had a stopwatch hanging from her neck like a dowager's lavaliere) rushed up to her husband.

"Have you seen Charles?" she screamed.

"Charles who?" her husband asked. "Charles, our son, you idiot," she exclaimed. "His butterfly is coming up."

At the far end of the pool, a 12-year-old stood erect, holding two 9-year-olds apart. "You are not going to fight anymore," he said, "until you stop hitting each other directly in the mouth."

While these and other small dramas were being enacted, the public-address announcer tried to keep everyone abreast of what was going on in the pool. When he came to the results of event No. 14, the men's 400-meter freestyle (sponsored by Pipers Family Restaurant, 951 MacArthur Boulevard, San Leandro) he here down a little, speaking in a voice that could sometimes be heard above the hubbub. "First place," he said, "Mark Spitz of the Santa Clara Swim Club. The time four minutes, seven and seven-tenths seconds. A new world and American record."

On hearing that Spitz (see cover) had set a world record, two little San Leandro Beavers actually put down the playing cards they held in a game of crazy eights. "Congratulations, you old hum," one little Beaver shouted. The other little Beaver shrugged. "I already have his autograph," he said.

Spitz's record was reported in London, Paris, Moscow, Durban, Sydney and Tokyo, but not in the *San Francisco Chronicle* across the bay. The failure of San Francisco to celebrate the

POOLED pupils include Don Schollander, who won four gold medals in the 1964 Olympics

feat may seem odd, but it is understandable. In the Bay Area the breaking of records by local swimmers—particularly by the bright and constant stars of Santa Clara—has become as commonplace as jumping off bridges. In the past two seasons each time someone else broke the 400-meter record Spitz rebroke it, restoring it to Northern California. Even if the *Chronicle* assigned half a dozen men exclusively to swimming, it is doubtful if they could keep up with all the thrashing that will occur during this pre-Olympic summer.

To judge by the doings at the Chabot College Pool, some readers may feel that swimming is heading in the wrong direction, catering too much to the sprats, while the exploits of champions pass almost unnoticed. Weighed against this fault, however, is the fact that the real strength of the sport derives from the clamorous mob of kids who are constantly moving up through the age-group program. No other sport offers such a trusty ladder to the top.

Anyone who still feels swimming is headed wrong should blame George Haines, the 44-year-old coach of the Santa Clara Swim Club. Why single out poor George? Because, if you are going to throw a brickbat, you might as well pick an easy mark, and these days Haines is hard to miss. Anywhere you look, from the bottom rung of the swimming ladder to the top, George is there. Since he is the president of the Pacific Association of the AAU, he is, in effect, the loving godparent of the hughest, nonsect and most competent segment of the age-group swimming mob. Since he is the coach of the Men's Olympic Swimming Team, he is busier than usual this season getting some 60 prospects—men and women—ready for the Olympic trials in late August. Since he is also the coach of the Santa Clara Swim Club and of the Santa Clara High School swimming team, he is training more than 300 grade-school, high-school and collegiate swimmers who are seeking some glory beyond the 1968 Olympics.

Out of the 28 gold medals that American swimmers brought home from the Tokyo Olympics, 13 were won by Santa Clara men and women. There are any number of statistics of this sort that prove George Haines is a genius. His girl swimmers have won 21 of the last 23 indoor and outdoor national championships. Last season his 9- and 10-year-



HAINES USES MIKE TO COACH 264 SWIMMERS WHO RANGE IN AGE FROM 8 TO 32

continued

old swimmers ate more Popsicles than any other 10-and-under class. The weightiest fact in Haines's favor is that at Santa Clara the champions seem to come on and on. Chris von Saltza, the big winner at the 1960 Games, was a Santa Clara girl. Don Schollander is a Santa Clara man. And now here comes Mark Spitz who, at 18, has only been out of the age-group incubator for two years, but holds world records in the 100- and 200-meter and 110-yard butterfly as well as the 400-meter freestyle. If the other 49 states and the rest of California should decide to pass up the Olympics, Haines could put together a team from his Santa Clara Swim Club that would hold off the rest of the world.

George Haines is an authority on starting young and at the bottom, having begun that way himself in the Depression when the lowest rung of the swimming ladder was buried six inches in mud. It would be dishonest to describe George's competitive career as meteoric. It would be stretching the truth to say he forged ahead steadily. "Spotty" is the kindest word. George was born and raised in the northeast quarter of Indiana, in the town of Huntington, which is situated halfway between Middletown and Obscurity. He started swimming at the Huntington YMCA and emotionally has never changed his affiliation. At institutions of higher swimming, such as Michigan, Ohio State and Yale, the sport had prescribed regimens back in the 1930s, but for a Y swimmer like Haines, diversity was more the order of the day. For instance, he swam on the Huntington Y's 1,000-pound relay team, which was composed of 10 stalwarts who each swam 100 yards and whose total weight could not exceed 1,000 pounds.

Back in those antic years George often mingled with the giants of the sport, tasting victory now and again. After he had staggered through one 1,500-meter race, the late Matt Mann, at that time the Michigan coach and High Priest of Swimming and a man known for his relentless honesty, said, "Haines, my boy, your stroke is beautiful, but you stay in one spot too long." At another meet Adolph Kiefer, the lord and master of the backstroke, borrowed George's bottle of hair oil. George once won a one-mile lake swim in Ohio against a field including Jimmy McLane, the first of America's swimming prodigies. "I also won a national junior half-mile," George

relates, "but don't ask me what or where—in Lexington, Kentucky, I think."

Before World War II interrupted his career George had established himself as the king of Indiana's annual Fourth of July, three-mile White River swim. The White River rises, for no apparent reason, near Indianapolis and serves no apparent purpose other than to start large quantities of good Indiana soil moving down to New Orleans. On his first try in the White River swim, George finished in the ruck. The next year, in a river rampaging after heavy rain, he finished second, covering the rollicking three miles downstream in an astonishing 36 minutes. (The winner, Huntington teammate Jerry Rudig took only 33 minutes and doubtless could have reached

New Orleans the next afternoon if he had cared to.) On his third try, during a drought that slowed the river, George won the three-mile swim in one hour and a quarter, spending much of that time crawling hand over hand across bars too shallow for swimming. "Not sandbars," George says. "The White River had mud bars. Bars of thick mud, Carp-type mud. Real mud."

If George Haines has anything special working for him this year, it is that he is a coach and a half—in his own right a modern master of technique and, in spirit, an extension of Glenn Hummer, the self-sacrificing man who coached him at the Huntington YMCA and taught him the value of the human touch. Swimming up the merits of his



HAINES CORRECTS TURN OF GARY ELMAN, WHO WON TWO GOLD MEDALS IN TOKYO

old coach, George says, "Glenn Hummer was the kind of man who would cross a river of burning oil if one of his kids was in trouble. He was also the kind who, if you said a wrong word, would warn you once and the next time slap you across the face. I still have his hand print on my fanny." (Just why Hummer chose to whack Haines on a lower cheek rather than an upper is not clear. Let us leave it that way.)

When Haines first got in the swim Hummer used to cart his team to meets in a Model-T truck. They always put up at "The Cloverleaf Motel"—which is to say they camped out on the green-sward. When it rained hard they moved under the overhang of the nearest filling station. Although Hummer's vehicles got better all time, his driving did not. One slick winter day, at the wheel of a secondhand bus, Hummer missed the T in a road, went through a fence and, without so much as a snort of dismay or a downshift, did a smart turn in a cornfield, emerged through the hole he had just made in the fence and proceeded in his intended direction. "Glenn Hummer is the only man I know," George insists, "who could leave Terre Haute for Indianapolis and end up in Lafayette, going in the opposite direction. When we drove at night I would sit beside him and keep nudging him. 'I've only got one eye closed,' Hummer would tell me. In 1961, or maybe '62, when I took a Santa Clara team back to the waterworks pool in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, the moment I drove in the place I knew where I was. I drove right past the pool and up a hill, and there, camping in a tent in the same spot, was Glenn Hummer and six or seven of his kids." (I or those who feel history, however disjointed, should be brought up to date, Glenn Hummer is still at it, doing his best to keep his vehicles on the road and producing swimmers who are far better than Haines. His Huntington team won the national YMCA championship this year.)

After serving in the war as a coast guardsman, Haines went to Kalamazoo College in Michigan; he understood that the school planned to build a pool and bring in Glenn Hummer as coach. But the pool was never built and Hummer never came, so there was George Haines, the king of the White River, high and dry in Kalamazoo. After two years Haines moved to San Jose State. While there, he discovered Santa Clara, a burgeoning

community where the prune-plum orchards were fast giving way to subdivisions. When Haines signed on as a physical-education instructor and swimming coach at Santa Clara High, a three-pool complex was in the works. The next year Haines marshaled the first of his 17 high-school teams and the first of his 17 Santa Clara Swim Club teams, both of which had a do-or-die spirit but not much else.

In a far cry from the old tenting days under Hummer, Haines's Santa Clara swimmers now sleep in motels and this summer they will probably fly to important meets by chartered jet. "The swimmers today sleep better and eat better than we did," Haines admits, "but they also work much harder and longer, and they swim much faster." Haines runs a mass-production operation at a fast pace, but his singular success is due equally to the fact that he still has the old individual approach ingrained in him, the gospel according to Saint Hummer. Don Schollander, the finest producer of this intense age of work and more work, bears this out. "Haines knows as much about training and mechanics as anyone," Schollander says, "but he is truly great because he knows each swimmer. He can give himself to many people and in different ways. Whenever he says I can do a job, I know I can."

The Haines machine runs well because of the faith existing between coach and swimmers and between coach and all manner of parents. The enthusiasm at Santa Clara is of a durable sort and the best proof of this is the unfinished case of John McCrary. If explored fully it could probably be strung out for a number of weeks on television. John McCrary was a member of Haines's first club team 17 years ago. How can we put it nicely? McCrary was slow in coming along. He never swam a stroke until he was 2. He never went off the high board until he was 2½, and then only because his older brother did. He did not swim a race for Haines until he was 3. Although he never won much against the 5- and 6-year-olds in his class, he was always very loyal to Haines. "John McCrary was bugging me when he was 3 years old," Haines says, "and he is still bugging me. The first year, he would follow me so closely, whenever I turned around I'd stumble over him. I used to throw him into the middle of the pool to get him out of the way."

At the age of 4 John McCrary had a

stroke of bad luck. He fell 10 feet from the butt end of the high board and landed flat on concrete. When Haines took the bleeding boy to the hospital the doctor said, "This child is not even in shock." Following such a calamity, there are parents who would doubt the worth of the cause but, as all swimming parents must, Mr. and Mrs. John McCrary Sr. had faith, although neither of them is what you would call an extremist. For example, during a meet Mrs. McCrary would never blow a bugle in the stands, as one mother did to notify her daughter resting in a nearby house that it was time to come and loosen up. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. McCrary has ever released carrier pigeons in the stands, as one parent did to get the results to relatives at a distance. "We simply felt that swimming would give John some direction," Mrs. McCrary says with a light, wild laugh that suggests that she is still not sure what the direction is.

There is not time here to explain how John McCrary happened to set fire to the attic of his home or to delve into the reasons why at one meet he rolled trash cans along the pool deck, troubling the officials. The point is, he swam on, never spectacularly, but earning some reward. Two years ago he was captain of the Menlo College team, the first swimmer ever to have an athletic scholarship there. The next year at the University of Wisconsin he hung up new school records in the 500-, the 1,000- and the 1,650-yard events despite the fact that early in the season, while eating his way through a thick cross-section of beef, he cut himself with a steak knife. At the NCAA championships at Dartmouth, he was plagued by a painful elbow and did only fair time in the 200-yard freestyle. Call it a shipup or what you will, the doctors who had examined him before he left Wisconsin forgot to tell him he had a broken arm. "John says he hurt his arm when he was hurrying down a corridor and ran into a wall," his mother reports, "but we are not inclined to believe that. We think he was roughhousing with his roommate, a large, strong boy."

And in what hospital is John McCrary now? He is now in the Santa Clara pool, still swimming hard for George Haines. "If the swimmers get nothing else from Santa Clara," Mrs. McCrary says, "the association with George Haines is probably enough." **END**



A couple of adolescents, young **Joe Kennedy** and a bull calf, were mixing it up in Seville last week. During a pre-branding roundup the late Senator's son cited the calf with a muleta, lanced it with a pic and then "dispatched" it by wrestling it to the ground—not classic, perhaps, but effective.

◆ Washington's Governor **Don Evans** recently descended Mount Adams on the seat of his pants, perhaps because 12,307 feet is really too high a hill for even a big boy to haul his sled up. Governor Evans and State House Majority Leader **Slide Gorton** were among the first of 347 climbers to make it to the top of Mount Adams in the third annual mass climb. It is a non-technical ascent, more of a vertical hike than a climb, and 502

people undertook it this year. They started at 1 a.m., strung out in a procession several miles long, tramping across vast snowfields in brilliant moonlight. By midmorning most of them were still tramping, but Evans, who has been a mountain climber for 24 years, had topped up Mount Adams in eight hours and was already sliding back down.

"At first all the natives up here wanted to ride in it. Now they're used to it," observed **Paul Gimbel** recently. Paul is a Gimbel of the Gimbel's Gimbels, and "it" is a German-made amphibious automobile, which they don't have too many of around Oquossot. Mr. Gimbel bought the car last spring after seeing it at Abercrombie & Fitch and has been driving in and out of Rangeley and Moosehookamegmic Lakes ever since. He finds it more useful for shopping and picking up the mail in Humes Landing than for fishing, and no wonder when one visualizes fishing out the window of a Volkswagen, which the car resembles. "The fish-and-game warden in Rangeley said that I didn't need a boat license," Gimbel recalls, "but the warden in Moosehookamegmic said I did, so I got one." The car was used as the commodore's boat in the Sunfish Regatta a while ago, being faster than the boats, and on the Fourth of July Gimbel was requested to drive it in the parade in nearby Farmington. As a native pointed out, "It was the only real float in the parade."

Washington has denied an alarming rumor to the effect that **Smoke the Bear** was about to be retired. Not the Smokey pictured on fire-prevention posters, which would have been tough enough at a time when we've also got the Esso tiger to worry

about, but the real Smokey. The real Smokey is a fire-orphaned cub who has been in residence for years at the Washington national zoo. Rumor had it that at 18 he was over the hill and the zoo planned to replace him with some ursine teeny bopper, some obnoxious cub, probably, that goes around saying, "You can't trust a bear over 7." Well, we can relax. "Smokey has a full life ahead of him," announced Thomas Reed, director of the zoo. "He's in good health. He could be considered middle-aged, but I'm 47 myself and I feel fine." A spokesman for the Interior Department spoke even more vigorously. "What in hell do they mean, retire the bear? All he's doing is just sitting out there in a cage. Do they want us to give him a gold watch?"

◆ Back in 1964 *Life* Magazine, in an article about famed Austrian Conductor **Herbert von Karajan**, respectfully mentioned his

two swimming pools, 1,000-hp twin-turboprop Beechcraft plane, 300-hp Ferrari, Porsche 120, Jaguar 250, Herram-25 power boat and a 10-foot sailboat, but not his skis and other relatively inexpensive sporting equipment with which he surrounds himself. Von Karajan, now 60, also rides a motorcycle and has just bought an eight-meter yacht—sister ship of the *Two*, winner of the One-ton Cup—to replace his "small family boat." Von Karajan is preparing his eight-meter for races with other yachts, but there will be no competition on the *Helmsa* where, as he says, "I'm the only master on board, after God."

Actor **Craig Stevens**, who favors stricter gun-control laws (his alias, inconsequently, is Peter Gunn), recently spoke up in praise of restrictions he encountered in Japan on entering that country with a high-caliber rifle for an *American Sportsman* episode. "When the gun was mentioned eyes bugged out at the airport, and the chief of police was called," Stevens said. "The police department took all the guns until we passed tests, including one on how to use the weapons, a test identifying animals, a test on hunting laws—and a sanity test."

Another actor who favors more gun laws is **Warren Beatty**. He spoke recently in Candlestick Park and at the Cow Palace urging support of gun-control legislation. Some fans at the ball park applauded, but there were also some boos, and Beatty was reported to have been a little disturbed by the latter. Half the country seems to be mad at him for portraying a wild gunman in *Bonnie and Clyde*, and now the other half is mad because he wants legislation to help disarm wild gunmen.





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Felix is one sweet ballplayer

The last name is Millan, and if you are not familiar with it you are not alone. The Atlanta Brave rookie does everything so quietly he is seldom noticed, but he does them all extremely well and he hits .300 in the bargain

He is what baseball people call a sweet ballplayer. He can hit, he can hit and run, hunt for a hit, sacrifice and fling a base on balls. He can run and slide and he can scramble back up and run some more.

Of course, he is good with the glove too. Slack, in fact. That is why he is usually an infielder. Put a sweet player anywhere else but second base, shortstop or third and you waste him. Phil Rizzuto was a sweet ballplayer. So were Pee Wee Reese, Billy Cox and Bobby Richardson. So is Felix Millan.

Felix who? Felix Millan of the Atlanta Braves—and you pronounce it Mee-on—as in “me on base.” Anyone checking the top four or five hitters in the National League lately probably figures the name is a misprint. But Millan has been there all along, with a .300 average in this year of the pitcher. Inevitably he has been mistaken for Felix Mantilla, the ex-Brave, Red Sox, Met and Astro, but any resemblance between the two ends with the first initial of the second name. Felix Millan is a sweet ballplayer at 24, Felix Mantilla never was, but then, few ever are.

“He’s the type player,” says Atlanta Manager Luman Harris, “that you never realize is around until the game is over. Then you look up and he’s got two hits, an RBI, a stolen base and he’s been in on two double plays!”

Lum Harris knows all about Felix Millan. Harris managed the Braves’ Richmond farm club last year—the team Millan led to the International League pennant with a .310 average, winning the minor league player of the year award along the way. Last winter, after he was named manager of the 1968 Braves, Harris announced to the astonishment of

quite a few people that Millan was going to be his second baseman, Woody Woodward or no Woody Woodward. “Millan is going to replace Bill Mazeroski as the best second baseman in this league,” Harris said, “and I don’t mean that as a knock against Maz. But Maz is 31 years old and Felix already

has as much range as Maz ever had.”

Harris has not had to wait long to see his prediction become fact. Millan right now is the most valuable second baseman in the league, if not in all of baseball. By tightening the Braves’ defense through the middle and adding consistent hitting high in the lineup, Millan

continued



WITH CONTROLLED SWING, Millan whips bottle-handled bat in compact arc at the ball

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BASEBALL

has almost by himself lifted a team that, despite its power and talent, had been moping along to various undistinguished finishes for the past seven years. But this season, with a lineup full of injuries and the kind of off year that just doesn't happen to a fine player like Henry Aaron, but did the Braves are running a strong, determined second to the St. Louis Cardinals.

They were determinedly for the cellar after Millan was plunked on the night of June 19 in Atlanta by Clay Carroll, a former teammate at Richmond who now pinches for Cincinnati. The Braves were in second place, 5½ games back of St. Louis, and Millan was in something of a tear. By the eighth inning he was 4 for 4 and going for his fifth hit when Carroll came fast and high and inside and nailed Millan's left hand to the bat. Millan missed 17 games, and the Braves dropped nine of those, skidding to fourth 9½ games behind the Cards. "That was the first time we'd played under 500 half all year," said Coach Jim Busby. "Without Felix in there we just weren't the same club."

Returning against Houston on July 5, Millan promptly made an error that cost Atlanta the game. He more than made up for that the next day. In the first game of a doubleheader he got two hits, drove in two runs and scored once in a 5-0 win. In the second game, with the score tied 1-1 in the last of the ninth and men on first and second, Millan drove the ball up the alley in right center for a double and the winning run. Since Millan returned, Atlanta has won six of seven games.

"It's amazing," says Joe Torre, himself the victim of an errant pitch that sidelined him 30 days. "It's only a rookie, but it seems like every rally we have, he's either starting it, in the middle of it or putting the finishing touch to it."

These are happy days for Felix Bernardo Millan as anyone can plainly see. He is almost always grinning, like a man who is getting away with something, which, in a sense, he is. "My father, he work in a sugarcane factory back home in Puerto Rico," Millan says. "But there are five brothers and three sisters besides me. We are a poor family. I graduate from high school, but all I really want to do is play baseball."

Scouts from Detroit, the Braves and Kansas City, impressed by Millan's short stroke with a bat and his finesse in the

field, all offered contracts. He signed with the A's, batted .291 his first year with their Daytona farm club and felt very good about it. Then the Braves told him they planned to draft him.

"At first I was sorry to hear it," Millan says. "I thought I play good enough to stay with Kansas City. But now I am happy. That Kansas City, she have many good, young players, and I am getting my chance here."

Millan would have earned his chance anywhere. An inch under six feet and weighing 172 pounds, he is tough and wiry, and his arm is strong. And he has reflexes. "The most fantastic thing about him," says Harris, "is his quickness. I can name you about five balls hit to him this year that took bad hops at the last possible second. His hands were down there to field the ball—and then suddenly he was jumping in the air, catching the ball above his head."

If there was any question about Millan, it was his hitting. He allayed all doubts quickly enough by batting .306 in 41 games when he first got to Richmond in 1966 and .275 with the Braves that September. Last year he was well on his way to winning the Atlanta second-base job in May when he stretched an Achilles' tendon. After leaving him on the bench for a month, the Braves sent him to Richmond to play himself back into shape.

But even Harris admits he never expected a .300 hitter. "The way he can field I'd have been satisfied if he hit .250," he said. Millan would not have been. "Before I left Puerto Rico last spring," he recalls, "I tell my father that I will be the most hustlingest ballplayer in camp. I hustle all the time. I do not believe I have the job won at all, even though everyone say I do. But now I want to keep it. The crowds, the big ones, they use to scare me. But now I love to play before the big crowds."

The way .300 hitters are disappearing this year, Millan would be remarkable if he stayed above that mark. Still, Busby thinks he might, as long as he keeps his stroke. "It's a perfect swing," Busby says. "It's a compact snap, and he's smart enough to control it with a heavy, bottle-handled bat. He's as liable to kick up chalk down the right-field line as he is to drill it inside third base. And he can hunt. Ohhh, he is a beauty."

One sweet halliplayer, the Braves' Felix Millan

END

'Let's get back to playing football'

So said John Gordy, president of the NFL Players' Association, and the owners heartily agreed. And when they got together in New York it took them only 4½ hours to end the players' strike—or was it the owners' lockout?

Last Sunday evening John Gordy, the Detroit Lion guard and president of the NFL Players' Association, and Arthur Modell, the NFL president and owner of the Cleveland Browns, announced after a meeting at New York's Waldorf-Astoria that the player strike (or owner lockout) was over.

Said Gordy, in a conciliatory spirit, "We wanted to be heard and we wanted a voice, but never, never wanted to use our own strength unjustly."

In April, when the 600-odd men who make up the Players' Association embarked upon what became the most notable strike (or lockout) in the history of American sport, they might have felt they could rock pro football's boat a little, but they never dreamed they had the strength to sink it. Indeed, the Players' Association was not set up to conduct a strike and its members were astonished that things went so far and so greatly to their benefit.

A couple of years ago outsiders, primarily the Teamsters, had talked of unionizing professional football players, most of the players ridiculed this as being both unimaginable and basically antagonistic to a way of life where, supposedly, everyone is rewarded solely on how well he plays the game.

To keep the unions out, the Players' Association, which had been a largely fraternal organization, took upon itself the job of speaking up to the owners. The main spokesman was Gordy, a three-time All-NFL selection. Alas, although Gordy has many estimable qualities, the knack of easy and concise communication is not one of them.

Last January, Gordy joined forces with an obscure Chicago labor lawyer named Dan Shulman and took a telephone poll of the players. The result made him confident enough to predict a strike unless 21 conditions were met. The owners were less than terrified by this

forecast. They looked upon the players as a bunch of big, old boys with crew cuts who wore short-sleeved shirts and two-toned shoes. But since the owners looked last, many of the players have switched to long "hurns," Nehru jackets and heads. As one NFL flanker said, "Although the players can't talk to each other very well, the owners can't talk to us at all because they are so accustomed to talking down to us. If an owner likes you, he treats you like his favorite dog."

That the players didn't relish a dog's life became evident in their first meetings with the owners, but the owners failed to get the message. "Don't push us too far," one told his star quarterback, "or we'll stop operations without batting an eye." And they blustered that if the veterans went on strike they would play with rookies, who are not members of the Players' Association. However, CBS, which has about \$20 million invested in the NFL this season, was not amused and indicated that old movies or some fairly spirited croquet matches

would be preferable to heckling the AFL games on NBC with adolescents.

After many up-tight meetings marked by foul language and obstinacy, both sides broke off, and professional sport had its first real strike (or lockout) since 1890, when 80% of the National League's regulars walked out and formed their own baseball league.

By then the players had already amazed themselves by forcing the owners to bargain satisfactorily on 20 of the 21 points, which became nearly as celebrated as Luther's 95 theses. The owners did not give in on each of these, though that was the impression they managed to leave. Dave Robinson, the Green Bay linebacker, explained, "There were a lot of points that we came down on. For instance, on preseason game pay—we're not getting \$300 a game. Then take the minimum wage—we're not getting \$15,000 a year."

Three of the points were purely technical, four were financial, four involved individual rights and 10 concerned the rights of members of the association as a union. Among them were the right to recompense for veterans who have been fired, permission to have counsel when bargaining for individual contracts, the right to take part in league decisions, acceptance of the union, an increased out-of-town meal allowance and permission for players to purchase two good tickets to a game before public sale begins.

But the issue that brought the strike (or lockout) about was the pension fund. The players felt the owners had not been truthful in saying the fund was non-contributory, when the money for it came from the championship game, endorsements and the All-Star Game. Moreover, the players insisted on a pension plan comparable to baseball's. "Ours is so inferior it's outrageous," said Robinson. "We don't want to match baseball but we'd like to have ours at a decent level."



GORDY HAD TROUBLE COMMUNICATING

et." However, at times debate wasn't at that level. At one players' meeting the pension of Walter (No Neck) Williams, the utility outfielder for the Chicago White Sox, was the chief topic. "When we heard what No Neck's going to get, we voted to beat him up and take his share," said one NFL player.

However, after the first telephone vote authorizing a strike, communications failed between the bulk of the players and Gordy. "They sent out a white paper from player headquarters in New York which detailed our grievances and told what we were to vote on," said Tackle Bob Wetoska of the Chicago Bears. "The only trouble was that it arrived in the mail two days after the vote was taken. I don't mean that the players didn't have a general understanding of what it was all about, but when somebody calls you up at 5:30 in the morning and wants you to vote on something, you're bound to be a little fuzzy-headed about it. And this is the way it worked all over the country. When 16 ball clubs are concerned and there are 80 or so guys making phone calls in the middle of the night, there could be some miscommunication."

Worse than that, before the confused players had a chance to throw picket lines around their training camps, the owners beat them to it by shutting the camps down indefinitely, which meant about 24 hours, for their next move was to reopen them to rookies and free agents. In turn, many of the veterans established their own training camps—what might be called Freedom Camps.

But last week it appeared that the players' resolve was weakening, mostly because all they knew was what they read in the papers, which was that the owners had conceded on 20 out of the 21 points. Whereupon the Players' Association called several press conferences to show solidarity and the owners agreed to the confrontation at the Waldorf. After only 4½ hours, the new pension plan was revealed: a 10-year veteran, for example, will get \$1,600 a month when he reaches 65, compared to \$750 a month under the previous agreement. As Gordy had said, "It's about time the players sat down as players and the owners sat down as owners and reached a final agreement. Let's get down to the business of playing football." For once he was coming in loud and clear and everyone got the message.

END

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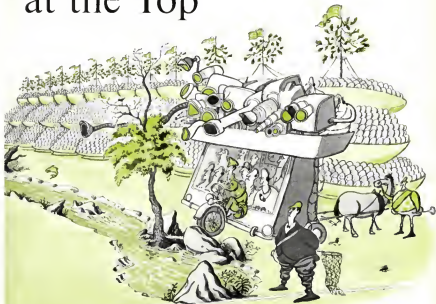
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They said the Notional Fly Casting League would never work, but we showed 'em, and now the public is entitled to know how, with the aid of Miss Celeste Mossway and under my leadership, we overcome all obstacles and made millions

BY FORD FRUMP, COMMISSIONER, NFCL
AS TOLD TO FRANK DEFORD



My Battle for Our Rightful Place at the Top



CONTINUED

Now, for the first time, Commissioner Ford Frump reveals what really happened behind the scenes in the last two years as the National Fly Casting League confounded critics by emerging as another strong and popular member of the ever-growing fraternity of successful new American professional major leagues.

Now, for the first time, I want to reveal what really happened behind the scenes in the last two years as the National Fly Casting League confounded critics by emerging as another strong and popular member of the ever-growing fraternity of successful new American professional major leagues. This story should clear the air, as it were, of the charges and innuendoes that have been irresponsibly bandied about by certain elements of the press ever since the league started operation.

We have been "bucking the tide" all along, that is for sure. Sports fans said to me from the first, "It'll never work, Frump. The people won't go for it." Or, if they knew me: "It'll never work, Ford. The people won't go for it." Sure, I had to remind myself, keeping my "cool," the people weren't interested in talking motion pictures either, at first. We had to educate the public, to show them what a great spectator sport fly casting is, live and on TV. Now that we have, now that we have established ourselves as a power in professional sport, I think at last it's time to spread the true facts before the American people and, in my own words, show how a germ of an idea grew into what is now one of the largest major leagues in this country.

I shall certainly never forget how first I became aware of what was then, so to speak, the incipient National Fly Casting League. It was one crisp autumn day in the fall of 1969 when I had lunch in a swank midtown Manhattan (N.Y.) restaurant with a recent acquaintance of mine, Frankie Scilizi, the pharmaceutical magnate and, as you know, now the owner of our Buffalo Bills franchise. After exchanging niceties, Frankie and I got down to where, as my old daddy used to

say, where the rubber really hits the road. Frankie told me about the other meetings he had been having with various millionaire civic leaders and scions of leading families throughout the 50 states, as they all made initial plans to start the first National Fly Casting League. National Fly Casting League! I sat up in my chair, with a start. This was the first time I had ever heard of such an enterprise.

"It'll never work, Scilizi," I said. (How could I know then how "off base" I would be proven by subsequent events!)

"Why don't you think so?" Frankie asked me, leaning forward.

"The people won't go for it," I went on.

But Frankie was a strong advocate of this bright new project, and he began to point out the real facts to me. He told me how 93 1/2 million Americans will fly-cast at one time in their lives, how 189.6 million Americans lived near large or medium bodies of water at one time or an-



other and hence were all potential fans, how a nationally commissioned poll showed that 78% of all Americans answered "yes" they would like to go to a sports contest on the water if they had the chance, etc., and so on.

"Whew," I said, "those are all mighty impressive figures I wasn't aware of." Though still something of a "layman" to the world of fly casting, I was beginning to see the potential in this exciting, bold new venture.

"The National Fly Casting League can combine our American tradition of the pioneer outdoors with our modern desire to see a competitive sports event in clean, comfortable, safe surroundings," the young pill mogul and sports innova-

tor explained to me. "Here, look at this report."

He handed me a file from the advertising company of Evans, Rees and Mundy, the famous firm that had recently been in the "public eye" when it had directed its considerable efforts toward electing the controversial, paroled ex-drug lord K. H. (Mumbles) Barnhorst to the U.S. Senate with the snappy, prize-winning saturation slogan: "A Second Chance for a First-rate Guy."

I flipped through the Evans, Rees and Mundy report, my eyes catching the eye-catching headline that declared: "The National Fly Casting League can combine our American tradition of the pioneer outdoors with our modern desire to see a competitive sports event in clean, comfortable, safe surroundings."

"This certainly backs up just what you were saying, Frankie," I said. I was beginning to be "infected" with some of his contagious spirit, in a manner of speaking. Then I paused. "Wait a minute, Frankie," I said, reflecting. "Why are you telling me all of this?"

That question caused the hard-working but soft-spoken industrialist to lean forward, placing one elbow uncomfortably close to a large, square pat of butter. "Ford, we want you on our team," he said. "More than that, we want you running the team. We want you to be our commissioner."

I was taken aback, and my first inclination was to politely decline. After all, I had never been a public man. I had preferred to make my contribution on the "sidelines," to borrow an apt sports analogy, away from the glare of the spotlight, going my way without fanfare and "hoopla" but getting the job done. Besides, as the father of three college-age youngsters, I felt my first obligation was to my family. I was also deeply involved in community work and with the church or synagogue of my choice. I could not blithely turn my back on these duties. Finally, however, and perhaps most important of all, was my work. As executive secretary of the National Congressional Commission, Conservation of Sports Fishing Department, I was most disposed to remain with this vital area

continued

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of development and conservation. Nevertheless, as a courtesy, I asked Frankie a few pointed questions about the commissioner's job. I declared immediately, for instance, that I would never take the job if I could only be a front for the owners, a "figurehead."

"No, sir," Frankie reassured me in his dynamic way. "We owners in the NFCL are all busy, influential, vital men, and we do not want to have to devote our full time to the league. We want a strong commissioner to handle league affairs for us. That's why we're willing, Ford, to start you with \$100,000 on an escalating five-year contract, an unlimited expense account, a country-club membership, a Cadillac automobile and an international Air Travel Card—if you'll take this job."

Given such strong reassurance that I would not be a pawn of the team owners, I could not, in all conscience, turn the job down. I felt, anyway, that my long

years' stewardship of the Conservation of Sports Fishing Department had begun, as they say in the financial world, to pay dividends. Conservation was no longer the priority item it had been. What a pleasant coincidence, too, I mused, that I would still be involved with fish in my new endeavor. Not only that, but Frankie happened to point out later, as he lost a cigar ash into his chocolate mousse by mistake, that one of the fledgling league's greatest problems was that it was having difficulty lining up enough fish to stock a full schedule of games.

"Luckily," I replied, "that just happens to have been my old area of work, and I think I can divert a few fish 'earmarked' for conservation over to our league, since such a move would give so much pleasure to so many sports-loving Americans."

"What a terrific break, and what a way to start," the classy sports leader said.

"That's the kind of execution of problem-solving that we want from our commissioner."

So talk of a so-called figurehead was, to all league insiders, halted before it could begin. Why, in the first hour on the job I had already solved one of the new league's most vexing problems! I would hardly suggest, however, that I carried the whole NFCL on my shoulders alone, as it were. No one man, even a commissioner of my disposition, could handle the full job by himself in such exciting but demanding times. I was truly relieved when Slicky Ziegelman, the well-known Miami Beach hosteler and owner of the Miami Piranhas, suggested that the league owners provide me with an assistant to handle the more mundane chores of my office, thus freeing me to give full attention to the significant tasks. A former associate of Slicky's, Boom-Boom (Carl) Koeney, was proposed as the right

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man for the job, and after a discussion of his qualifications with Ziegelman, I granted my approval.

It was shortly thereafter that the first league meeting was convened by me. We mixed, as they say, business with pleasure, sojourning on a boat of Panamanian registry somewhere in the Caribbean. The National Fly Casting League was fast taking shape. Already 10 cities were represented and definitely slated for membership, and it was at this very first full-league meeting—the inaugural session, you might describe it—that we got right down to where the rubber hits the road and set up a revolutionary 10-division arrangement for regular-season play.

This exciting new modern sports concept, whereby each team is guaranteed a pennant in its division, helped attract much attention to the new league. Some of the shortsighted critics could not see the value in the 10-division setup but, as I have said many times in the past, I don't care what you say about me as long as you spell my name right. That is one of my mottoes.

So on the fateful morning of February 3, 1970 all of America woke up to read about the new NFLC, its revolutionary 10-division set-up and the distinguished gentlemen who were committing themselves to this new league. Here is the list of our charter members and their well-known owners:

MASSACHUSETTS DIV

Boston Cods, Shamus D'Flaherty, construction

UPSTATE NEW YORK DIV

Buffalo Bass, Frankie Sciluz, pharmaceuticals

DOWNSTATE NEW YORK DIV

New York Sharks, Rafael Sanchez, jetcon machines

MARYLAND DIV

Baltimore Softballs, Hip Gypley, fishing equipment

FLORIDA DIV

Miami Piranhas, Slicky Ziegelman, hotels

TEXAS DIV

Houston Swordfish, Taylor Houston, Bowers oil

MISSOURI DIV

St. Louis Sardines, Tip Sanders, trucking

ILLINOIS DIV

Chicago Whales, Dike Zarich, scan

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DIV

Oakland Sea Lions (formerly San Francisco Sea Lions), Sam Le, export imports

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DIV

Los Angeles Angelfish, Herb (Patsy) Kline, radio TV

Shortly thereafter, of course, after I perused many application forms, it was decided to "swell" the league to its present membership of 12, an even dozen. At the same time we increased the number of divisions to 12, as well. This is a workable arrangement, particularly for the play-offs. The two new teams were:

WISCONSIN DIV

Atlanta Mackarels (formerly Milwaukee Mackarels), Carter Russell Hanson, pecan and peach magazine

ORANGE COUNTY DIV

Anaheim Grunters, Sharp Constant, movie actor

It was decided early that there should be interdivisional play. I led the fight for this measure for, as I pointed out, if regular-season league games were not permitted outside of each division, there would be no regular-season league games possible. My able new deputy, Boom-Boom (Carl) Keeney, had pointed this "loophole" out to me, and when I carried the matter to the floor and carefully explained to the members what was at issue, the motion was promptly carried. This kind of firm, expeditious take-charge behavior stilled what was left of any outside snipeage about a "figurehead commissioner."

There was some small dispute within the league, however, about which divisions should be included in each group. This was of small moment, I thought, the important thing being which team would be in each division. Many of the owners wanted their divisions to be in the same group that also included the divisions which had the New York and Los Angeles teams, because of the many good airline connections and whatnot in these cities. I had more vital matters to contend with, so I let Boom-Boom (Carl)

Keeney take care of this little detail. "Carl," I said, lapsing into the use of this familiar nickname that many of his friends know him by, "Carl, you stick with this minor issue while I get down to where the rubber hits the road on more important issues."

Carl, I thought, showed what a good aide-de-camp he was by delegating authority. He asked Frankie Sciluz, the birth-control-pill magnate, to become head of the Eastern Group and Slicky Ziegelman, the amiable hotel chain "inn-keeper," to head the Western Group, and, graciously, they both accepted this additional responsibility. Of course, Slicky is Miami-based, and I had to chuckle with Carl about his geography, but Slicky is such a competent administrator that a certain "fudging" with the road map seemed appropriate under the special circumstances.

Everyone is probably familiar with the way Frankie and Slicky arranged the teams in the division by conference and group, but here is a complete listing:

EASTERN GROUP	WESTERN GROUP
Mass-Dixon Cods	Great Divide Cods
ILLINOIS DIV *	WISCONSIN DIV *
Chicago Whales	Atlanta Mackarels
TEXAS DIV	NORTHERN CAL DIV
Houston Swordfish	Oakland Sea Lions
MASSACHUSETTS DIV *	MARYLAND DIV *
Boston Cods	Baltimore Softballs
Shenandoah Cods	Gardner Purchase Cods
UPSTATE N.Y. DIV	DOWNSTATE N.Y. DIV *
Buffalo Bass	New York Sharks
ORANGE COUNTY DIV *	SOUTHERN CAL DIV *
Anaheim Grunters	Los Angeles Angelfish
MISSOURI DIV *	FLORIDA DIV *
St. Louis Sardines	Miami Piranhas

*Indicates division will switch conferences on alternate years, switch groups every election year

Working with the Schedule Committee that was co-chaired by Frankie Sciluz of the Bass and Slicky Ziegelman of the Piranhas, I produced a schedule that called for both intergroup and intragroup play, including additional games against various intraconference "traditional" rivals, like Oakland and Anaheim. The schedule listed 62 1/2% of the games with the five teams in each group, five-eighths of that number against conference foes. The

continued

other 37.5% of the games were to be played against the six teams in the other group, except where "traditional rivals" were involved, when the "B" formula had to be invoked. We also set up a revolving year-to-year scale for the intergroup home-and-home arrangement, alternating various divisions in odd years. We also established the policy that 15% of the intragroup games and 10% of the intergroup games must be played on neutral sites, helping us create the revolutionary four-team fly-cast doubleheaders. In any event, whoever played, the important thing for the spectator was that he would always see divisional championships clash.

It was a terrific plan, firm and flexible, but when we began to calculate it more finely, we discovered that it would take 14½ months to play a year's schedule, regular-season and playoff. "I like the concept," I told the Schedule Committee, "but I think we better stick to the solar calendar."

Agreeing to my demands, the committee went back into session and we began to pare the schedule down. Originally we had envisioned six months of regular-season play, two weeks of All-Star sudden-death, and eight months of double-elimination playoff games, with an interlocking round-robin interdivisional, interconference and intergroup set of layered playoffs.

We instituted a special new playoff formula. Instead of just winning the best of seven games, a team had to win by two games, like in tennis. You will certainly recall the excitement this created in the very first season when the Baltimore Softshells and the Anaheim Grumions met in the quarter-finals of the optional interconference crossover quarter-final consolation playoffs and went to 17 in the best of seven before the valiant Grumions finally pulled the series out. The series took six weeks, complicating some travel arrangements but bringing emotions around the country to a veritable "fever pitch."

Anyway, with the original 14½ months plan, we had to cut back somewhere in the schedule, so we dropped the regular season down to four weeks. The All-Star

period is a traditional "bonanza" for fans, and I certainly did not want the eight-month playoff time shortened either, as that is the time during the season when our teams make money. Since, fortunately, all our teams not only make the playoffs but do so as divisional champions, I made the concession to the loyal owners not to reduce the playoffs at all. So many of my hard-nosed decisions (i.e., absolutely demanding interdivisional play) had gone against the owners that I think they had come to feel that I would never favor them with a decision to their liking.

I also was in agreement with the owners that we would have to cut the exhibition season down to a maximum of 60



games within two months so that the flycasters would be guaranteed at least two weeks off every year between seasons. "If we don't give 'em the two weeks, we'll have some players' committee on our fannies right off," Shummy O'Flaherty, the jovial Irish head of the Boston Codis, joked with me after one meeting when we were "washing our hands," so to speak, next to each other in the gold-embroidered downstairs lavatory at Houston Swordfish Owner Taylor Houston Bowae's sumptuous ranch hideaway.

It was about this time that I pointed out to Boom-Boom (Carl) Keeney that the NFCL was going to need flycasters to play on the franchises. Money, organization and planning would go for naught if the teams did not have athletes. A chain is only as strong as its weakest link, I like to say sometimes. That is one

of my mottoes, and one I like to impress upon the owners. Carl pointed out that the world, the whole globe, is full of flycasters of all races, creeds, colors and nationalities, and we would have to scout intensively to uncover the most exciting and best flycasters. Unless you have superstar flycasters, you just will not draw the fans in this star-oriented day and age. "The fans sure won't come out just to see the fish," Carl said. "That's the way the star system works."

"Where are we going to get these flycasters?" I wondered out loud.

"You know what I think," Boom-Boom said rhetorically, striking his characteristic pose that we all came to know so well—stuffing his index fingers in his ears and then sneering—"I think that you yourself ought to get out and prodigy this new league. Show the people what a vigorous commissioner we have, let people see that you are not in an 'ivory tower,' but a 'just folks' kind of guy. That way, I'm sure you can attract the kind of A-1 talent we need, and sign the best prospects yourself, from all over the world."

I liked the idea right away, and "took" to it. Later I explained it to the Group presidents, Soluzi and Ziegelman. "In today's jet age," I pointed out, "the world is shrinking, and sport knows no national boundaries." They grasped the exciting new concept right away, and even suggested that on my travels I take along Miss Celeste Mossway, a bright-eyed, buxom young junior college graduate who was employed in several capacities by our advertising firm of Evans, Rees and Mundy. She would not only be able to help with the taxing administrative details, but she could publicize my efforts and also begin to create a public "image" for me. Despite unguished appeals from my family when I spoke to them on the telephone, Miss Mossway and I were able to arrange an itinerary and leave for our first stop, the Hotel Nitto Gritti Palace in Venice, on a night flight that very evening.

When we returned 18 months later, two days after the traditional lid-lifter between the Bass and the Piranhas inaugurated our first season, no one could

deity that the mission had been fruitful. We had signed flycasters in 47 states and 32 foreign countries, including some from behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains, because I firmly believe that politics has no place in sport. Moreover, while Celeste—later tabbed Miss National Fly Casting League by my executive decree—and I “rounded up” prospects, my deputies were able to run the office without me and tie up various loose ends back at the loop headquarters in the Sculzi-Ziegelman Building in midtown Manhattan. It’s the petty little matters that can be so aggravating, and Boom-Boom (Carl) Keeney and Group President Frankie Sculzi and Slick Ziegelman all gave unselfishly of their time to

with Patsy Kline, who knew all the “ropes,” was able to put together an attractive, long-term television package that realized \$320 million annually for us. This money, along with the many good flycasters that Celeste and I signed, were the two major factors that helped get the league “off the ground.”

In any business luck also always plays a part. Who could have imagined that a pleasant little soiree given by Baltimore Softball Owner Hip Gypley, the fishing equipment tycoon, at his villa in Seaford, Del. would result in a whole line of NFCL products being established? It just so happened at this little “get-together” that representatives from the National Association of Manufacturers, the AFL-CIO and the Department of Commerce were all on hand. Over brandy and canapés, several of the guests began trading ideas, and before the evening was out a whole line of items were planned for production. These included rods and reels, T-shirts, lockets, foul-weather gear, bicycles, kitchen appliances, good-luck charms, automobile accessories, maple syrup, cocktail glasses, travel bags, wristwatches, combat helicopters, cookbooks, birth-control pills, pennants and many other useful items and attractive “knick-knacks.” It is conservatively estimated that, with 25% of the profits slated for NFCL coffers, the league will earn up to \$180 million a year from this profitable sideline.

The only real “snag” in our plans was the question of where the fly-casting games would be held. After all, not a single American city at the time had adequate facilities for presenting fly-casting competitions. The Stadium Committee, chaired by Frankie Sculzi, joined with the Manna Committee, headed by Slick Ziegelman, and, together with the advertising firm of Evans, Rees and Mundy, they undertook a public-relations campaign to educate the American public to the fact that the government had been derelict in supplying fly-cast fans with sufficient—not to say any at all—spectator fly-casting facilities. The “ad men” did a “peach” of a job, and soon the campaign “caught fire,” as it were. Senator K. H. Barnhorst first noticed the grass-

continued

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settle the nagging little incidents that are always “popping up” in big business.

For instance, the matter of television. We were lucky here in some respects. First, it certainly was a “break” for the league that one of our owners, Herb (Patsy) Kline of the Los Angeles Angelfish, happened to be in the radio-TV game. Secondly, at this time, you will no doubt recall, the “tube” was looking for new sports attractions, since TV saturation had just brought an end to the American Football League, the Kentucky Derby, the Ringling Bros. Barnum and Bailey Circus, the Winter Olympics, the *Wide World of Sports*, the 11:10 p.m. sports news and all heavyweight-boxing championship fights.

It was, so to speak, a sellers’ market, and the TV committee, headed by Frankie Sculzi and Slick Ziegelman, working

roots groundswell demanding government funds for such facilities. Senator Barnhorst, the genial ex-drug-lord-turned-legislator, mentioned to our lobbyists themselves how much attention he was paying to the subject, and at last he was able to invoke a common senatorial courtesy to obtain the necessary monies. The Senator attached a "rider" to the administration's \$200 million poverty bill, designating an additional \$870 million in funds to be directed to the building of fly-casting arenas and stadiums in all our franchise cities.

The rest, as sports fans know, is history. It only remained for us to convince business and municipal authorities in each of our franchise locations that failure to buy season tickets and support fly-casting teams with every power at their disposal was a civic disgrace. Celeste Mossway, the new league vice-president in charge of public relations, joined me

in an NFCL "task force" that visited each city and explained how much business and fame a franchise could bring. We showed the community spirit ourselves, too, volunteering to allow orphans and our senior citizens and wounded servicemen in on special "discount" tickets and donating generously to local causes. I am at liberty and proud to say that our 12 divisions have given more than a total of \$2,700 to worthwhile local charities, as well as distributing used uniforms and equipment to needy "ghetto" youngsters. Before the unfortunate players' strike, hardly a day went by that our athletes were not, in their spare time, out visiting shopping centers and schools, providing clinics and tips and generally distributing goodwill.

This is no place, I believe, to "wash our dirty linen in public," and I know readers have a minimum of interest in incidental squabbles that show up in the

finest of families. As I said at the time when I settled the players' strike, the league office expects little grievances from time to time. Certainly it was unfortunate that so-called "TV time-outs" had to be called to satisfy important sponsor commitments, sometimes just when a player had a fish on the line. Players will just have to hold on to their fish until the time-outs are over, and, as I pointed out, if we have the kind of fly-casters I know we do, they can certainly manage this. In order to foster the best player-owner relations we did arrive at what I consider to be a most equitable compromise in the other dispute, over meal money. The players wanted \$15 a day, while our Personnel Committee, headed by Frankie Seitzer of the Buffalo Bass and Slick Ziegelman of the Miami Piranhas, held to its original plan of permitting the players to eat all the fish they could catch. My compromise, as you will

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remember, let the players have \$2 a day *in addition* to all the fish they could catch. This certainly satisfied both parties in the dispute and showed once again that this is a "players' league."

Certainly, to be candid, we have had some disappointments, though small setbacks are to be expected in any new enterprise. Some franchises do need shoeing up, but to say that the league was not gratified by its first season's average attendance of 182 per game would be unfair.

Our meteoric success has been such that, while I am not able to divulge the names, at least 10 other cities have presented applications to our Expansion Committee, headed by pharmaceutical mogul Frankie Scifin, and Mr. Hotel, Slick Ziegelman. In the league office we are already discussing orderly expansion, and new teams will be charged in the vicinity of \$40 million in initiation fees.

After talks with Celeste Moseway and Boom-Boom (Carl) Keeney, I am even considering holding the line at 12 divisions and placing up to two teams in each division. As Celeste pointed out the other day, "It takes two to tango." Indeed, in some quarters there is talk of eventually having up to four teams in each division. This is such a revolutionary concept that I have taken the matter under advisement, for we do not want to plunge headlong into any new area without careful consideration. But it shows, I think, what a forward-looking outfit we have.

Indeed, the phenomenal success of this new league proves, as I reported just the other day at our special league meeting, held at a Holiday Inn somewhere in the Midwest, that the National Fly Casting League can combine our American tradition of the pioneer outdoors spirit with our modern drive to see a competitive sport even in clean, comfortable and safe surroundings. The new, improved contract that the owners gave me at that time proves that they like the kind of aggressive, independent leadership that I am providing, and that as long as we can hold a TV contract and flood the nation's retail markets with our merchandise, the National Fly Casting League will stay on top in the "sports whirl."

END



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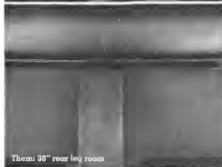
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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by DICK RUSSELL

ALL-STAR GAME

The 1986 edition in Houston epitomizes that whole hitless year. It was a shutout, only the fourth in All-Star history. With the two teams scratching out just eight hits, the lowest total ever for a nine-inning game, the Nationals defeated the American Leaguers 1-0. Fittingly, the game's lone run, scored by the still-daring Willie Mays, was unearned. So overwhelming was the pitching that 20 of the AL's best hitters were put down in order over the first seven innings by four National League pitchers.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

"I'm a scrambling type of manager," asserted Earl Weaver last week, after taking over the BALTIMORE (4-0) job. Last there were any doubts, he had 246-pound Boog Powell steal second base—the fifth steal in Powell's seven-year career—and the revitalized Orioles soared into second place. Another Weaver move, the insertion of reserve infielder Don Buford in center to replace slumping Paul Blair, also paid dividends. Buford homered twice and, in one game, scored the only two runs. For the first time in nearly two years NEW YORK (3-1) swept a three-game road series as Tom Fresh hit two clutch homers and Mel Stottlemyre won his 12th game. One MINNESOTA (2-2) game lasted so long that Rod Carew (444 for work) was back from Navy duty in time to pinch-hit and drive home the tying run in the 14th inning against the Tigers. The Twins, who had run out of pitchers, allowed Jim Roland, their sixth, to bat, and he walked with the bases loaded for the clincher. But the loss of slugger Harmon Killebrew, out six to eight weeks with a pulled hamstring muscle, dimmed any hopes of catching DETROIT (1-3), which maintained

a 7½-game lead. The Tigers' usually reliable bullpen allowed eight runs in 12½ innings, and only a three-hitter by Denny McLain—their 17th victory—averted a losing streak. Though Anoton's (3-1) Carl Yastrzemski continued his taspain (1 for 15 for the week), Mike Andrews picked up the Sox with a homer and a game-winning squeeze bunt. Eddie Stanky lost his job, and Tommy John lost his first game of the season as CHICAGO (2-3) remained in ninth place. Led by Luis Aparicio (.522 BA), the Sox averaged .316 for the week and drew 40,575 in a Milwaukee appearance. Although Reggie Jackson and Campy Campaneris won games for OAKLAND (2-2), CLEVELAND's (2-2) Sam McDowell remained impregnable. He fanned 15 A's, bringing his season strikeout total against them to 57 in 40 innings. CALIFORNIA (11-3) lost two one-run games and dropped to eighth. Despite a pair of four-hit efforts, WASHINGTON (0-4) averaged just .186 and dropped its 12th straight game to the Orioles. The last-place club also lost its top reliever, Darold Knowles, off on an 18-month Air Force hitch.

Standings: Del 56-51, Balt 42-37, Cle 45-41, Bos 43-37, Mon 41-48, Ca 41-43, Oak 41-43, NY 39-44, Chi 36-47, Wash 30-52

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Thanks to a puddle, SAN FRANCISCO's (3-1) Willie Mays moved into fourth place on the all-time extra-base-hit list (1,141) against Cincinnati. Mays stretched out a double when a fly ball rolled dead in an instant like, allowing him to pass Ty Cobb in the rankings. The Giants didn't really need flukes, however, as they bettered 309 and cloaked seven home runs, more than a third of the rest of the league combined. Juan Marichal buried his 12th consecutive complete

game (his 16th victory) and Jim Hart hit 300. Still, the hottest-hitting club was ST. LOUIS (4-1). Paced by Lou Brock (.500) and Curt Flood (.435), the Cards averaged .331. Two pinch singles by Roger Maris won ball games, and Bob Gibson, who has allowed but two runs in his last 72 innings, won his ninth straight. PHILADELPHIA's (6-0) Richie Allen continued his surge (1462 last week), and Rico Joseph won one game with a 16th-inning pinch single as the Phils moved into the first division. When Milt Pappas came down with influenza, rookie Reliever Jim Britton was forced into a starting role for ATLANTA (4-0) and responded with a five-hit shutout. Hank Aaron slugged his 500th home run, the eighth player to do so, and the Braves moved to second, 9½ back of the Cards. NEW YORK's (2-4) Jerry Koosman tied a club record with his fourth shutout of the season. Jerry Grote (.571 BA) feasted on CHICAGO (3-2) pitching, while the lethargic Cubs went 17 straight innings without a run. Only Glenn Beckert, who extended his hitting streak to 19 games, provided encouragement. LOS ANGELES (0-4), loser in 10 of its last 11 games, scored just two runs and hit 164 as it fell into ninth place. Pitching problems (16 hurlers gave up 26 runs in three games) sent CINCINNATI (0-5) down to fifth place. PITTSBURGH (0-5) tumbled, too, as league batting leader Matty Alou's .125 slump offset a surge by Roberto Clemente (.356 for week). BROOKLYN (2-3) Manager Harry Walker stressed "patience" as his young club committed six errors in one game and remained mired in the cellar, despite a record-tying 18 strikeout effort by Don Wilson.

Standings: StL 52-31, BAA 47-40, Phi 44-40, SF 45-43, Ca 42-44, Chi 42-47, NY 41-47, Pitt 40-48, LA 41-48, Bos 30-51

HIGHLIGHT

Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio? Simon and Garfunkel and all baseball were asking as the big leaguers marked the midseason All-Star Game break with attendance figures spiraling downward almost as fast as the batting averages. Only two American and eight National League hitters were over 300 and, based on past years, there could be even fewer by season's end. Halfway through last season there were 22 players hitting 300, but only 18 at the finish. Fifteen of the 20 midyear leaders suffered slumps, their deficits totaling 201 percentage points in the National League and 184 in the American. Should the battlers suffer similar drops this year is conceivable that nobody in the American League and perhaps only two in the National will finish above 300. In fact, .275 could take the AL title, con-

siderably beneath Elmer Flick's previous winning low of 306 in 1905. The midseason pitching figures are no less amazing. A year ago four pitchers with 11 victories apiece topped the majors at midseason. This year Denny McLain (16), Juan Marichal (15) and Luis Tiant (14) could win 30. The last time that happened was in 1914, the last time two pitchers won 30 in the same season was 1912. Wash combined earned run averages for both leagues under 3.00 at home as no surprise that not a single AL batter ranked above .300 by the end of last week. Only timely extra-base hits have allowed Detroit (.230 BA) and St. Louis (.253) to open commanding leads. The rest of the teams need scapegoats, and four managers—the latest victim Chicago's Eddie Stanky—have departed clubs with a combined batting average of .224. "Joltin' Joe has left and gone away Hey-hey-hey."



EDDIE STANKY: MISSING JOLTIN' JOE

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE BLACK ATHLETE (CONT.)

Sirs:

Your series on *The Black Athlete* (July 1, 1979) seems unquestionably destined to be remembered as the most significant statement ever published by *Sports Illustrated*. Jack Olsen has done an incredibly fine job in gathering materials and putting them together to emphasize the growing problem in the American athlete's career.

There is something, however, that I would like to suggest as a positive result coming from an overwhelmingly evil system. It is by no means a justification for that system.

Athletics has afforded middle-class whites, such as myself, the opportunity to come in contact with blacks, a meeting that I might have never had without athletics. My father, Joe Lapchick, was the coach of St. John's University for 20 years and of the New York Knickerbockers for 10 years. The Knickerbockers brought one of the first two black men, Nat (Sweetwater) Clifton, into the NBA. For four of my father's last six years at St. John's there was a black captain of the basketball team.

I attended St. John's myself. It was through personal friendships with the LeRoy Elmes, Tony Jacksons and Lloyd Doves that I was able to see what racial brotherhood is all about. My own understanding of ghetto life began with men like these. I know that I was not alone and that many other white students who otherwise might have traveled the road of misunderstanding and racial prejudice gained immeasurably from this personal contact with blacks.

I am now executive director of PRIDE, an organization which is attempting to coordinate nationally all the local movements to get Negro history taught in the secondary schools of America. It is an attempt to allow the black man to identify with his race and to have the PRIDE in his people that he richly deserves. Many black athletes, both professionals and amateurs, are on PRIDE's advisory board. Without sports PRIDE may never have begun, not, at least, at my initiative.

As I have said, this is by no means an attempt to justify the exploitation of black athletes by American universities. That is a horrible tale of America, but one that is so necessary to be told. I congratulate Jack Olsen and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for making this important and realistic statement.

ROBERT H. BUFORD

Denver

Sirs:

I would like to discuss your interpretation—not your conclusions—of the data you have cited in Part I: "The Cruel Deception."

First, less than 50% of all students who enter an institution of higher education complete their degree requirements in eight consecutive semesters. Secondly, if you compare black, hungry athletes with white, hungry athletes, you will find no differences in backgrounds or completion rates. I believe if you had collected data on white athletes who are also being "exploited" you would have to conclude that it is not a problem of exploiting a race, but a social class.

What is a year like for these boys? During the season there are two to two-and-one-half hours of hard physical contact. In the evening it is review of plays and huddle sessions to rehearse the teamwork that is built up when you are in the top 10 and moving toward the national championship. Everything is directed toward the one goal—win.

Classes are attended. A few try to study a minimum and maximum number of hours each night. If you study too late, your timing is off the next day, you can't pay attention in class, the coaches get on your back and your teammates talk you may be letting down.

On weekends it's get up for the game, unwind, sleep in Sunday, watch the *Blowups* or *Giants* on TV, read an assignment, answer phone calls from reporters, alumni and girls. If your parents are here for the game, you spend the weekend with them.

This is repeated for 10 weeks, preceded by three weeks of intensive training, body and mind, from September 1 till classes begin, and if you make a bowl it extends to New Year's. A few months off, then spring training. Of course, you have to keep in shape in the meantime, so it's basketball and the weights three days a week and Saturdays.

In spite of all this a few black and white athletes get an education. I don't know how they do it. The athlete should need at least five years'—including mandatory, supported summer attendance—and should be tutored if necessary. The alternative to a realistic slowdown in the academic rate is abolishment of intercollegiate athletics. Something has to give.

You are right, the institution gives nothing. It only takes with a poison attitude that turns one's stomach. Keep up the series, but don't restrict your conclusions to the black athlete. There are a hell of a lot of white boys being exploited, too.

PHIL PERROWE

Professor of Education
University of Wisconsin

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

I was appalled at the realization that there are Robert Bufords in Kansas City. But I

now find that Buford is just one of many black high school athletes for whom hunger and homelessness is a harsh day-to-day reality.

Your description of the work being done in Kansas City by Bill Myles inspired me to want to help. On just a teacher's salary, he is supplying these athletes with food, lodging, medical expenses and, most of all, guidance.

After several personal visits with Bill, he and I have founded the Black Athletes Fund of Kansas City. This fund will provide high school coaches teaching in the ghetto with money so that they can help these athletes without having to reach into their own pockets. Naturally, this money will not be spent in a way to alter the amateur status of the high school athletes, but will simply help them exist with the essentials of life.

Contributions are being solicited from sports-minded Kansas Citians. Rather than asking for single donations, we are asking for monthly contributions. The problem is a continuing one: the money is constantly needed. We are looking for those who are willing to contribute as little as one dollar per month. Naturally, we are accepting single donations, but the monthly plan represents a continuing commitment on the part of an affluent society.

We hope to find summer jobs next year for many of the recipients. In addition, we eventually hope to have a tutoring program for high school graduates during their summer before college as well as a college scholarship fund.

All this is the result of your comprehensive report on the plight of the black athlete. I thank you for opening my eyes, and I urge those who want to help to contact the Black Athletes Fund of Kansas City, Post Office Box 7159, Kansas City, Mo. 64113.

Bill Myles

Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs:

The *Black Athlete* series is a combination of half truths carefully selected from a group of exceptions and woven into a tale that does nothing but misrepresent the actions of collegiate athletes and attempt to destroy the individual athlete, black and white, the individual coach and the individual college throughout the nation.

If there are injustices, and there are, let Mr. Olsen direct his article toward them. Let him use the material that he has gathered to a useful and just goal. Let the American public know of the injustice and where it has taken place, but do not condemn the whole of collegiate athletics because of the actions of the few. No one will judge, nor should they judge, the entire scope of col-

continued

legate athletics because of one man's open-ended, wanton and unfounded condemnation based on carefully selected statements taken from within a minority opinion.

Due to the wide circulation of your magazine hundreds of thousands and possibly millions of people will read the article. The majority of them will believe what they read, not because it is true, because it is not, but because it was written for, and printed by, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. These people will know only one side of the whole story, that is, the side which Mr. Olsen chose to promulgate. They will not know how it really is. Mr. Olsen has written a biased article that reflects all of collegiate athletics, the athletes, coaches and the administrators, in a false light.

NORM COHEN
Director of Athletics

Allegheny Community College
Pittsburgh

Sirs:

I was pleasantly surprised in reading the July 1 issue to find that my recreational reading was of significant value for my professional work.

The Brookings Institution is a nonprofit educational organization devoted to research, publication and executive development in public affairs for government, business and other leaders in our society. As part of the institution's executive-development conference program, I conduct conferences each year for government and professional leaders on major public-policy problems. Each conference involves approximately 25 participants for a period of six to 12 days. Each participant is furnished with a set of readings on public-policy questions, which he is asked to complete before participating in the conference.

I will be interested in obtaining reprints of your series, *The Black Athlete*, if these are going to be available.

HARRY R. SEYMOUR
Senior Staff Member

Washington

Sirs:

Your articles on the black athlete are powerful, revealing and much needed. They remind me of a picture taken last fall after a Green Bay victory in Milwaukee which showed ecstatic white fans carrying on their shoulders one of the Packer Negro backs who was responsible for the win. Curiously enough, Father Grappo during this period was encountering tremendous resistance to his integration efforts in the same city. I couldn't help but feel that many of the Packer fans who were displaying this enthusiasm for the black halfback wouldn't sleep nights if they felt he might move in next door.

RICHARD H. GURLEY

Asbury Park, N.J.

Sirs:

SI and Jack Olsen are to be commended for some extremely fine reporting. It ranks as one of the best in-depth treatments of any subject that I have ever read. If the rest of the series is as significant and as well written as the first part, Mr. Olsen may be headed for a Pulitzer Prize. He certainly has my vote.

JAMES R. BOWMAN

College Heights, Ark.



THE REAL DICK HARP

Sirs:

I would be interested to know what year the picture of Dick Harp on page 26, July 8 was taken. I watched Harp coach at Kansas while I was in school there and even took a course taught by him.

Are you sure that the man in that picture was Dick Harp, or do you have some picture files crossed?

DALE KIRKWEITER

Honolulu

● We crowned titles. The coach in the original picture was John Drozdos of the University of Louisville. —LD

Sirs:

I could not help but be impressed with the sensitivity, candor and articulate manner in which Mr. Olsen presented the case for the black athlete.

Unquestionably the best Negro athletes have within recent years been privileged and capoted by major university athletic departments with only one thing in mind—produce on the field, court or track. But isn't this now going on in all seg-

ments of our society: business, industry, and government—as we go through this period of agonizing reappraisal?

By the way, in the last six issues of SI not one PAGE IN THE CROWD is black. Is SI prejudiced or do you lack sensitivity? I doubt it.

NATHANIEL JAMES

Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:

I, as an ex-high school football coach who helped some 15 Negro athletes get into college over a five-year period, feel frustrated and castrated by Mr. Olsen's article. Did I help these youngsters because they helped me? Probably. But is it not a start for them, an opportunity in a new environment even if it is as bleak as Mr. Olsen pictures it in his "yellow generalization"? We must overcome 100 years or more of horrible neglect. Give us a chance, we can't make progress through this type of negative sensationalism.

AR. RONATH

New Brunswick, N.J.

Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED: you're all heart. Or should I say soul?

H. G. HIGGINS

Chattahoochee, Fla.

Sirs:

While I am convinced that the Negro is getting a raw deal in virtually every walk of life, I also believe that the unhappy condition is a direct result of the prejudices of the current generation in power. These prejudices have been handed down by our white ancestors. However, I further believe that these prejudices will terminate when my generation becomes tomorrow's adults.

I have just graduated from junior high, where I won letters in three sports every year. I have found that there is virtually no discrimination among today's junior high students. I have to use this worn out cliché but Negroes are "just like anybody else." They are exceptional team members and, of course, exceptional athletes. I envy the gang in their company.

It is high time that white America realized that the black athlete has gotten out of sports what he has today only because of the hard work he has put into it. Negroes don't owe athletes anything.

Someday I hope to be as good a receiver as Bob Hayes, as good a basketball player as Bill Russell or as fine a sprinter as Tommie Smith. I hold as much or more respect for them as I do for our white sports figures.

Viva Jack Olsen!


PAUL ALEXANDER

Fockhart, Texas



swing a little

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON



You can
take Salem
out of the
country
but...

you can't take the
"country" out of Salem.

Wherever, whenever you light up—Salem
gently air-softens every puff for a taste
that's country soft, country fresh.
Take a puff ...it's springtime!